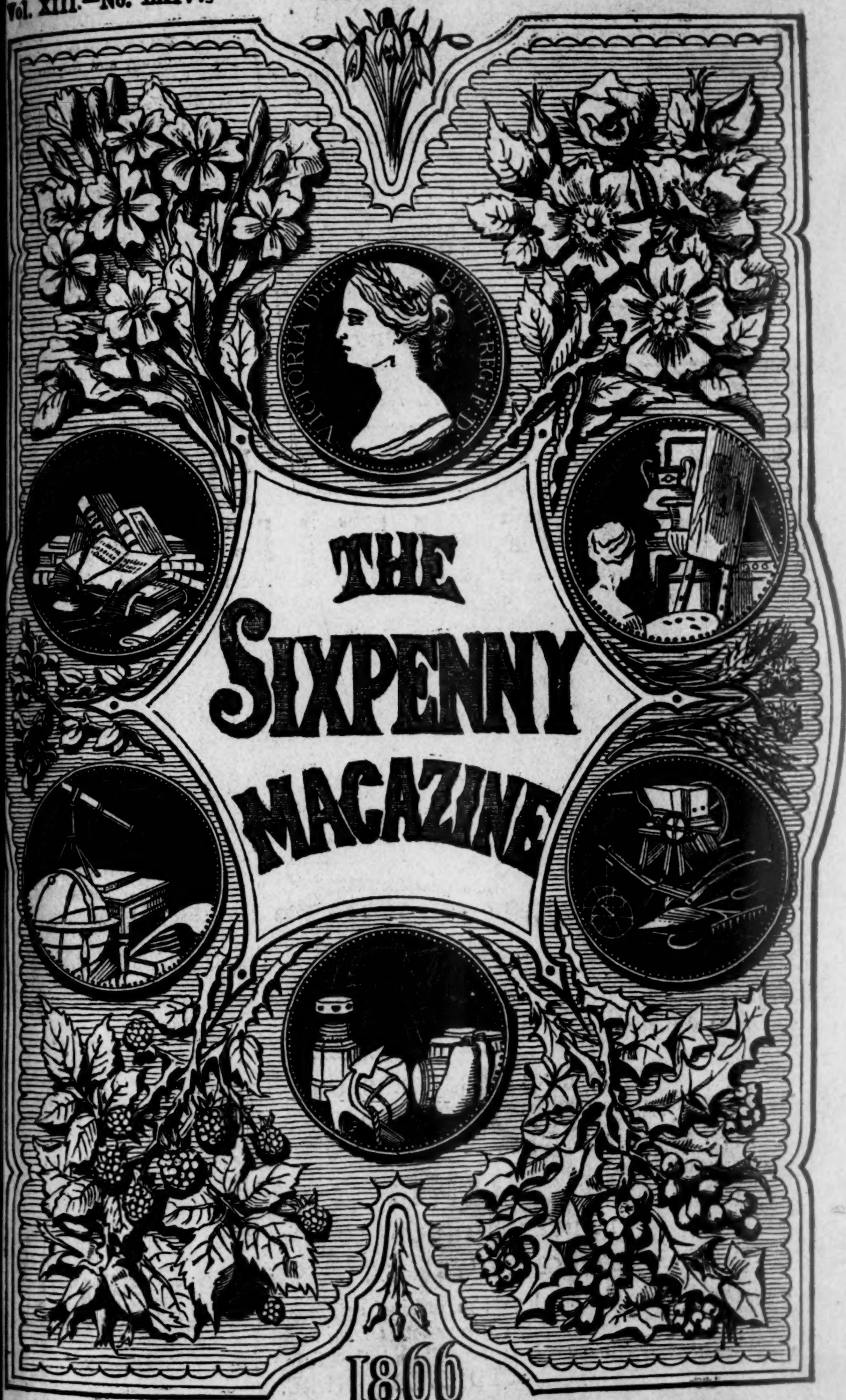


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SIXPENCE

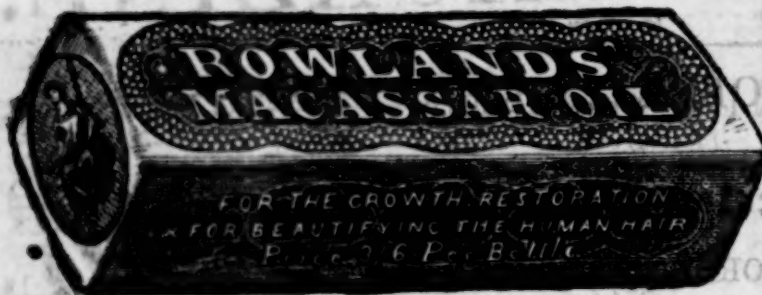
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OCTOBER 1, 1866.

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HOW I ROSE IN THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH JANE LOADER GETS MARRIED; AND STEPHEN O'LEARY SATISFACTORILY SHOWS THAT WOMEN CAN NEVER BE DEPENDED ON.

AN important epoch in the life of the Loaders! Miss Jane is about, in accordance with a certain good old custom, to take unto herself a husband: a short, red-headed young man, of about thirty, named Spriggs, a preacher on "probation," and in receipt, as I had been told, of twenty pounds per annum. Quiet and unobtrusive is this Spriggs, with some genuine humour, and a good deal of intelligence and common sense, and a singular freedom from "cant." He is not a "free-will" man, and does not (to use a vulgar expression) go the "whole hog" with Loader; but Graham pronounces him a "brick," and a "trump," and tells him (what he doesn't believe) that he will one day be a bishop in some back settlement of America.

The day comes, and they are married. We are a pleasant little group enough in the old Church of St. Paneras. Mr. Loader and his daughters (the former looking a little grave, I must confess), Mrs. and Miss Roberts, Dorricks, Graham, O'Leary, (Biddy was suffering from rheumatics, and remained at the Loaders' to superintend the wedding arrangements,) Mr. Snaggs, Mr. Rogers, an attenuated butcher, whose name I did not catch, a lawyer's clerk, who, I think, had some idea of going on "probation" himself, four preachers, a class-leader, and a mysterious stranger. These, if we except myself, the parson, the clerk, the sexton, and the pew-opener, (an old woman quietly dozing in a corner), completed the picture.

Of course, there was a good deal of becoming nervousness on the part of Miss Jane (*Miss Jane* for the last time), and she exhibited on one or two occasions a par-

able anxiety to shed tears, in which she was aided and abetted by the other members of the Loader family, and found ready sympathisers in the persons of Mrs. and Miss Roberts. Stephen looked majestic in his dress-coat, white satin vest, black pantaloons, and frilled shirt. He stood apart a little from the group, and nodded approvingly at the Rev. Jeremiah Twaddle as he proceeded. That gentleman got through the ceremony very rapidly, for he was a railway director, and there had been a meeting of the shareholders called for twelve o'clock on that day, and it only wanted twenty-five minutes of that time when he began; so he rushed through the service with a speed that surprised even himself, gave the clerk an occasional chance of an "amen," bounded down the steps of the communion-table at the conclusion of the service, threw off his surplice, signed his name in the registry-book, seized his hat, bowed, and was gone.

"Quick work," said Mr. O'Leary, as he took my arm at the door.

Carriages were in waiting, and back to Mr. Loader's we went.

And we had a good breakfast, and, if possible, a better dinner; but Stephen was like "a fish out of water." The company (increased to two dozen) were awfully grave, and interlarded everything with a quotation of Scripture, a verse from Watts, or a line from Wesley. This not being entirely in accordance with my uncle's taste, he withdrew shortly after dinner, to a recess in the window, and there fell fast asleep.

Mrs. and Miss Roberts, and Dorricks, left early, and my eyes followed them even to the carriage door; and Stephen, Richard, and myself moved off soon after. Mrs. O'Leary was to be taken home by the butcher, at a later period of



"Devilish slow!" said Mr. O'Leary, when we got into the street.

"Oh, confoundedly so," rejoined Graham.

"Why they were sermonising all the evening," continued Stephen, "and I can assure you that I was thankful for a decent opportunity to go."

"So was I," rejoined Graham.

"Ah, the Lord be with you, Galway!" sighed O'Leary. "A wedding—there is a wedding, and no mistake."

"How do you like Mr. Spriggs?"

"A sensible fellow," replied Graham, "and by no means so stilted or puritanical as the others; but they're a queer lot, take them altogether."

"That butcher," said my uncle, solemnly, "is about one of the most unfortunate-looking malefactors I ever set eyes on. 'Pon my life, I pity poor Mrs. O'Leary. I would not walk through the street with him for a good deal. His own sheep would bleat at me if I did. But I suppose this Riggs, or Piggs, or whatever his name is, gets money?"

"Not much, I should say. Loader is by no means rich, and there are three others to be provided for, you know."

"True, but the old gentleman seems close, and must have saved something by this time."

"Graham shook his head. "His salary has never been very large, I believe; and, besides, he had an awful scamp of a son who, seven or eight years ago, thought to come out a regular swell, and cost his father a pretty penny without succeeding."

"And what became of him?"

"Oh! went to the deuce in no time."

"Is he dead?"

"Well, I hope so, for his father's sake. He never speaks of him, and would not thank anybody, I should think, for mentioning his name."

"Was he any profession?"

"Oh, not he; a brainless fool, like myself, and would not turn his attention to anything."

"Strange I never heard of him," said my uncle.

"He left England about six years ago for China as a supercargo, or something of the sort, and has never been heard of since."

"I wonder how he'd like Spriggs if he were here," I said.

"There's no knowing," replied O'Leary. "Spriggs, as you call him, is not so green as he looks, or I'm mistaken. There's something in his keen, grey eye, that seems to wink at some of the vagaries of good John Wesley. But I say, Graham, why don't you get married?"

"I'm waiting for an 'heiress,'" said Richard, laughing.

"A mighty hard thing to get now-a-day here."

"I don't know that; they're plenty enough, but we can't all make love like you Irishmen."

"No, you are right there; you Englishmen are uncommonly puzzle-headed in such matters."

"Still, with all our imperfections," remarked Graham, "we sometimes get on pretty well here. To do more, I suppose we must go to Galway."

"Galway, my friend," said Stephen, majestically; "is the place to which a young fellow like you should go, provided he be intent on matrimony and £5,000 a year. You'll get the wife beyond all doubt, but it is just possible that you may have to wait a little while for the fortune."

"That's comforting," replied Graham, "£5,000 pounds in hope, and a lovely wife in possession."

"To be sure," continued O'Leary, "you may have occasionally a protracted visit from the father and mother, brother and sister, uncle, aunt, cousins, and other minor relatives of your bride; drinking your sherry; breaking the knees of your favourite mare; shooting your game, if you have any; spending your cash, and abusing your servants. Yet what of that! Your wife is happy, and you know, or ought to know, that when you marry a girl you usually marry her whole family into the bargain."

"Very consoling, I admit," muttered Graham, in an under tone.

"Very! If I hadn't the fear of certain legal functionaries before my eyes, I would try my luck there again, Graham, though to say nothing but the truth, I did that once and failed."

"You?" we both exclaimed in amazement. A failure in Stephen's case seemed to us a simple impossibility.

"Aye, ay! I'd tell you all about it now, only it's so long a story."

"Come, O'Leary," said Graham, "here are my lodgings; the night is young, and over a glass of good brandy punch you must give us the particulars."

"Spare my blushes, I beg of you," replied Mr. O'Leary, rather seriously.

"Oh, nonsense; you don't know what good your experience may do two youngsters like ourselves. It may save us from I don't know how many shoals and sandbanks in the shape of petticoats, as we steer through life."

"Keeping that end steadily in view, then," said O'Leary, after a moment's pause; "I consent."

"Come along, then. George will be excused if he's an hour or two later than usual to-night."

"George," said my uncle, philosophically, "is a young man whose reputation will in no wise suffer by the lateness of the hour. God be praised," he added, very solemnly, and looking upwards towards the starry heavens, "that I can say so much."

"Here we are," and Graham inserted a latch-key in its proper place, and we all three went in.

Richard's fire burnt brightly as we drew our chairs and sat down. The brandy was produced, mixed, tasted, and pronounced "perfection," and then O'Leary, with a few premonitory "hems" began as follows—what he has since not unfrequently called, "A short epoch in his life, and which goes far to establish the truth of the adage, 'that women never can be depended upon.'"

"It is now somewhere about

eighteen years since I, Stephen O'Leary, a strapping youth of two and twenty summers, on a sharp clear morning, at the end of February, with a double-barrelled gun on my shoulder and a wiry setter at my heels, left the village of Athenry behind me, looking in the distance as like a huge snowflake as anything I can now remember.

"This same Athenry was, I would observe, at one time a place of considerable size and importance. Its ancient name was Athneri, a corruption of Ath-na-raigh, signifying the 'King's Ford,' or 'The abode of a King.' This title originated, perhaps, in its having been at a very remote period, the residence of a certain provincial monarch, who is said to have exercised his princely functions in a most unhandsome and unkingly manner; putting the province of Connaught under increased taxation in order to supply himself with 'Egg flip,' (a drink by all accounts his majesty was very fond of,) and not unfrequently, of 'a stilly night,' sallying forth under cover of the darkness, and carrying off as many of his loyal subjects sheep as he could conveniently lay his royal hands on. If either of you should ever settle down in that classic locality ('a consummation most devoutly to be wished for,') you will find much to please and interest you. First, the ruined walls and towers; secondly, the King's Court, as it is called; thirdly, the ruins of the Dominican abbey, founded by the celebrated Baron Meyler de Bermingham close upon six hundred years ago; and fourthly, and lastly, the 'chalybeate spring,' that has cured all the complaints, known and unknown, with which suffering humanity has been afflicted from the morning that Noah got up with a bad headache after his first night's 'spree,' up to this present hour. Oh, it was once a beautiful place, and Father Peter Curran, of the convent, will tell you the same. I wish you could see his reverence, for a better priest or a better man does not

exist. Well, in order that I may not detain you, we will say no more on that subject, but leave Athenry and all its greatness as I left it on that eventful morning, and that was abruptly enough.

"There's a cross road about a mile from the town, on the Galway side, where Mick Kinneen formerly kept an inn, and just as I was deliberating upon the propriety of going in and having a kiss from his bright-eyed, cherry-lipped daughter Mary, under the pretence of lighting my cigar, what the devil appeared through furze, smoke, and fog, but the glowing features of long Jack Madden. Neither of you lads ever saw Jack? Ah, I thought not; and more's the pity. He was six feet four in his stocking feet, and, taking him every way, as fine a fellow as ever stood in shoe leather—a little too spirited, if anything, but that's a fault on the right side. He once resigned a captaincy in the "Rangers," in order to challenge the colonel, because that distinguished warrior, who was a great church-goer, and water-drinker (both grave offences in a colonel), asked him to attend a Charity Sermon at Portumna, in aid of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Ojibberways. Of course, the colonel, who, like somebody else that I now forget, would rather *eat* his sword than *draw* it, declined meeting Jack, who straightway posted his quondam commander. The mercy was, that he didn't horsewhip him into the bargain. Poor fellow! he was shot shortly afterwards, by one of the 'finest pisantry in the world,' who mistook him for Lary Dwyer, the process-server. And, certainly, the mistake was a natural one, for Lary was the exact counterpart of Jack—height, face, and figure. Indeed, it was said that Jack's father and—but no matter—"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

"Well, as I said, out came Jack's face, and out stepped Jack's legs, immediately after it.

"Stephen, you thief," he exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and

warmly grasped my hand, 'what takes you out this hour of the morning? It's in your bed you ought to be, snug and comfortable.'

"Faith, Jack, I believe you're right," I replied, returning his pressure with interest; 'an empty stomach and a foggy morning are not over conducive to health.' But what are you up to here? Has Mary Kinneen anything to do with it? I always thought you were soft in that quarter, and, 'pon my life, you'd make a most presentable son-in-law for *la mere*; just the man to be paraded on state occasions, when Mick's sixth cousin, the Dublin attorney, chanced to be in these parts, or old father Ryan (the Virgin be good to him!) dropt in for his dues. I'd stake this double-barrelled gun against a bottle of *eau-de-vie*, that they'd come down handsomely. And, talking of brandy, let's have a pull at that flask I see peeping out of your pocket. By my conscience! but its yourself that travels well provided.'

"Stephen," said Jack, seriously, and giving me the bottle as he spoke; 'Stephen, I have come down here on a mission of great importance, and I don't mind telling you that upon its success depends my future happiness.'

"He's in for it," thought I. 'That infernal money-grubbing old inn-keeper has netted the finest specimen of humanity of his size and age in these parts.'

"Yes," he continued; 'I've got it here, Stephen, and no mistake; the arrow—Cupid's, I believe they call it—feathers and all.' He placed his hand on his heart, to denote the precise locality alluded to.

"Poor fellow," I groaned inwardly; 'you've got it beyond all doubt. Oh, my curse light upon all black eyes and wavy tresses—they play the very deuce with a man, soul and body.'

"I have tried to shake it off, Stephen, this feeling, but it won't go; it clings to me tighter and tighter, and I have neither strength nor courage left to struggle with it any longer.'

“‘I am sorry for you, Jack,’ said I, for I really felt for him. ‘If you wanted to back out, I could easily render you unfit for the marriage state by putting a bullet in your hip, or breaking your collar-bone at a steeple-chase, but since the whole thing’—

“‘Aye,’ exclaimed my friend, striking his forehead; ‘that’s it, my own fault. Why place my heart within range of her battery? why let it play upon me till—till—hang it, what was I going to say?’

“‘Come, Jack, let’s have no more of this,’ I interrupted, and placing my hand upon his arm; ‘you’re excited, and not fit to talk just now. One question though; where is she now?’

(Jack, abstractedly). ‘She, aye she—Run, run, Orlando!—carve on every tree—the fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she.’

“‘Oh, nonsense, lad, as fair and as chaste as you like—and I grant you she is both; but, certainly not inexpressive. A little rhapsody is good in its way, and don’t understand me as objecting to it; but hang it, though Mary is a very pretty girl, yet—’

“‘Mary! Oh profanity of profanities. Know, half-blinded and misguided youth, that her name is—Angelina.’

“‘Well,’ I muttered, thinking that the poor man’s intellects were slightly deranged (I subsequently learnt that he was highly intoxicated)—‘Well, yesterday her name was Mary, and she wasn’t ashamed of it either.’

“‘You have seen her, then? When? Where?’

“‘Are you mad or drunk, Jack? Who, for miles round, hasn’t seen Mary Kinneen?’

“‘Stephen, I’ll brain you,’ responded Jack, with deliberation; ‘that is, if you again mention my Angelina in conjunction with a vile ‘shebeen’ keeper’s daughter.’

“‘Who on earth do you mean, then?’ I asked, fairly puzzled.

“‘There is but one Angelina on earth, Stephen; one—only one.’

“‘Aye, scores for that matter; you’ve dipt rather deep this morn-

ing, Jack, early as it is, or have not yet recovered from last night’s debauch. But come into Kinneen’s, since his daughter’s eyes are not the batteries you complain of, and over your good brandy and his turf fire, you shall tell me everything about your divinity.”

I led him unresistingly into the house, and having seated him snugly in an arm-chair, with a tumbler of soda-water, slightly dashed with spirits before him, and mixed myself a cup of that beverage which always cheers and occasionally inebriates, urged him to a full disclosure. He made it, and it ran somewhat after this fashion:—

“‘Stephen, I’m in love!’

“‘Granted.’

“‘Head and ears—can’t pull myself out—dished—fairly done for.’

“‘Not a doubt of it; but let’s hear the lady’s name, and how it happened.’

“‘It’s a long story, but I’ll do all in my power to ‘cut’ it; so here goes. Two miles from where you now stand—sit, I mean—there is one of the prettiest slopes you ever saw in your life. Run your eye gently down it, and you will see a sweet little cottage, embosomed in honeysuckles, creepers, moss roses, sweet-briar, and the devil knows what else. Look through that diamond pane—(no, hang it, not that—the ‘mind’s eye, Horatio’), and you will see a neat widow’s cap, and under that cap a pale, placid face. That is the mother of my Angelina. Beside her protecting wing is Angelina herself. Stephen, can you imagine eyes of the deepest, sweetest, loveliest, holiest blue? hair of a colour that mocks the rainbow? a cheek that shames the purest rose! a nose that you would, if you could, send to the ‘Art Union’ as a study; and an ankle that a man upon crutches would follow through the world? If you can imagine all this, you have still but a faint idea of the charms of my Angelina. I met her, it matters not how; have heard her voice, looked into her eyes, pressed her hand, and—’

“‘Made an ass of yourself. I see it all. Go on.’

"You give me but little encouragement."

"Why, how can I; who is she at all?"

"Some lady of distinction I fancy, but as yet I don't exactly know."

"A countess, perhaps, Jack."

"Aye, a countess. I thought of that before, Stephen; 'pon my life I did."

"Or better still, Jack, a princess in disguise."

"Come, lad, you're jesting with me now," said Madden, a little peevishly; "I'm sorry I let you into the secret at all."

"Oh, bother; you're getting tart, Madden. The sight of so much beauty seems to have soured your temper, and driven you, moreover, to strong waters. But to bring your story to an end, what do you mean to do? Lay siege to her heart, and if she refuse to capitulate, run off with her at once?"

"I've done that already," muttered Jack, abstractedly.

"Run off with her?"

"No, no, the artillery business—laid siege to her heart."

"The deuce you have. Well, go on."

"I cannot move her, O'Leary. She is deaf to all my entreaties, blind to all my perfections; she plays with me, Stephen, now that I've swallowed the bait, and—the fact of it is," he exclaimed, bursting right out—"the fact of it is, I think I shall go mad."

"Oh, nonsense," said I soothingly, "you shall do nothing of the kind. There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and you're not the sort of man to be knocked about like a pair of old boots. Come, let us both see her. I, as your friend, will proclaim your virtues to the parties most interested, and there is no doubt but that the result will be everything you can desire."

"Jack eyed me suspiciously for a moment, ere he replied; 'Well, perhaps your plan is not a bad one. At any rate, I cannot be much worse than I am at present; so give me your hand, and, the fates

permitting, eleven o'clock to-morrow morning shall find us in the best parlour of Holly Lodge.'

"I own I was somewhat disappointed at my friend postponing our visit to Angelina, as my anxiety to see her had greatly increased within the last few minutes. However, there was nothing left but to await with patience the coming morrow, and to amuse myself in the interim the best way I could."

"The next morning came, and a miserable morning it was, too; drizzly and cold, with a gloomy sky above, and a road full of cart-ruts and yellow rain-water underneath. Never did two unfortunate devils look more wretched than ourselves as we trudged along, sinking occasionally to the ankles in mire, dirt, and abominations of every kind. Before we got a mile from Athenry, the dogs wouldn't have picked our bones, so sorry a figure did we cut; and wet, weary, and dejected, we arrived at Kinneneen's, just as that individual himself appeared at the door, flail in hand, and ready for work."

"The top of the morning to ye, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, and in we went.

"A breakfast, substantial and good was soon served and eaten, a hurried toilet made, or rather improved, and forth we sallied on our mission, renewed, revived, and blest."

"I am satisfied that I do not exceed the bounds of truth when I say that twenty minutes took us to the widow's cottage, a distance as I have already mentioned, of two English miles. I found it a charming little spot indeed, thoroughly sheltered, and delightfully situated. Here was no scorching sun to embrown your cheek and crack your shoe-leather, or an infernal east wind to bring tears to your eyes, and rheumatics to your bones. Sweet and peaceful it looked on that bleak February morning, with its latticed windows and rustic porch, its well-kept grass-plot, and neatly-gravelled walks; its flower-garden and its kitchen-garden; its apple-trees and its gooseberry-bushes, and lots of

other things that I cannot now remember.

"We stood for a little time at the gate, admiring all this, and having pulled up our shirt-collars, now somewhat dogs-eared and drooping, we pushed boldly up the avenue, and knocked for admission.

"If the mistress be as pretty as the maid we shall do," I whispered to Jack, as the latter damsel tripped lightly up to announce us. A pitying smile was Jack's only reply, and in an instant more we stood in Angelina's presence.

"Let me shut out for ever that glorious face! It haunted me years afterwards; it is present with me even now. I shall not attempt to describe her; that task were indeed vain, and profitless to boot. Let me rather come to the principal events connected with my story, and deal with Angelina (if I can) as with an ordinary mortal. Alas, to see her was to love—worship—adore! No wonder, then, that I was in elysium, paradise, nay, (not to speak profanely) heaven itself.

"Jack and I returned home two hours after, in gloomy silence, mentally cursing, and, I fear, mentally hating each other. For myself, I can honestly say that, had but that individual's muddy gaiters brushed ever so lightly my equally muddy inexpressibles, on that eventful afternoon, I should have felt it a sufficient ground for pistolling him on the spot. As it was, I returned home at war with him, myself, and every body else on the habitable globe—Angelina alone excepted.

"I think I must have gone to bed drunk that night, for I have a faint recollection of decapitating an old marble bust of my great-grandfather, which occupied—and quietly enough too—for years, a corner in my room, under the impression that it was Madden; and, certainly, that impression (I mean, as to being drunk, &c.) was rather strengthened by seeing the said bust next morning without a head. You may laugh, Graham, but I am serious. Love will do anything with a man, except make him wise.

"If my unprejudiced opinion were now asked, I should say that Angelina gave me but slight encouragement, and this was why I loathed Jack. In the sunshine of her smile the fellow was happy, while I was praying that the earth might open, as it did once of old, and swallow up all three, and for ever.

"For two whole days I lay in bed, gloomily revolving in my mind whether, in the event of my speedy demise, any will I might make in behalf of Angelina and her heirs would be really valid and true. But, over this, grimly and slowly, stole the sad foreboding that my accursed friend (yes, I called him so) would, if such a catastrophe ever took place, enjoy, in common with her, all my personalities for many years to come.

"No, Jack Madden," I exclaimed; "you shall never triumph over me. Rather will I meet you face to face, and beard to beard; tell you I will relinquish her only with life, then dare you to do your worst." And, thus resolved, I again set out for Holly Lodge.

"Angelina was not at home—so her pretty Abigail told me. I smiled a ghastly smile.

"Doubtless Mr. Madden had called?"

"An affirmative nod, and my cup of misery was full.

"Mrs. Bradshaw was at home. Should I like to see her?"

"Of course I should. Why not?"

"I said this, I presume, rather fiercely; for the young woman turned slightly pale, and raised her hand suddenly to her throat. Whether she thought I meant some personal violence to her, I am, of course, unable to say; but, certainly, the quick start, the change of colour, the quivering of the muscles of the face and neck, seemed to imply that she dreaded something of the kind. But she need have had no fear. There was one, and only one, whom I had doomed to a speedy and terrible destruction; and that one was the friend of my bosom, Jack Madden.

"I strode—I believe I strode—into Mrs. Bradshaw's presence, looking, or trying to look, careless and indifferent. I laughed as I shook hands with her, and said I had spent a glorious morning; that I was to be married to a near relative—a daughter, in fact—of the Emperor of Russia, and that that distinguished and enlightened monarch not only approved of the connection, but had generously presented me with a full dozen of red flannel shirts, as a slight token of his paternal regard. I offered Mrs. Bradshaw one, and felt highly offended when she declined permitting me to rush off for it at full speed. I spoke confidently of the Russian climate, the Russian people, and the Russian habits. I dwelt upon the moral and physical aspects of the country, and contended that in that, as in every other respect, it was second to no other on the face of the earth. I proposed introducing her to his majesty's principal officer of state, who was at present on a diplomatic mission to myself; and hinted that it was quite possible, should the conference terminate satisfactorily, I might one day be the reigning prince. I have a notion that I grew a little warm as I proceeded, and very incoherent before I concluded; for I remember Mrs. Bradshaw, quietly wiping her spectacles with a scarcely perceptible smile, and looking through the little diamond-paned window all the while, as, leaving the czar, the climate, and the officer of state, I took up the question of prize poultry, and strongly urged the necessity for an elaborate essay on unventilated taprooms.

"Like as a child is led by the hand, so did I suffer the good lady to lead me back to myself. It was done naturally and, I thought, compassionately, for she spoke of—Angelina.

"Her darling was not strong, far from it. Consumption, insatiable monster that he is, threatened her, and a London life, with its everlasting round of gaieties and pleasures, was a place, of all others,

to be shunned. This was why she sought out this secluded spot. Her father (Angelina's, of course) was dead exactly eight years. He had stood and fought beside the tattered flag of England, till he could stand and fight no longer. Death one morning took him quite suddenly in tow, and he scudded off with him, leaving his widow and orphan to his king and country. Angelina, however, was amply provided for by the deceased's will, besides being in the receipt of a small pension from the government.

"Angelina was nothing to me—never could be anything, I felt—yet I liked the words 'amply provided for.' Suddenly, I remembered Lieutenant Bradshaw's whole history, discovered that I was his companion during many a terrible and bloody engagement (the names of which I now forget, but they all, I remember, took place a score of years before I was born) under Nelson, and distinctly remembered saving his life in Bengal when pursued by a hungry tigress and her eight equally hungry cubs. Mrs. Bradshaw believed, or affected to believe, all this, and showed herself proportionately grateful. The man who, under such circumstances, interposed between the destroyer and her husband, was indeed deserving of her thanks and gratitude.

"I ventured to suggest that Miss Bradshaw would probably prefer imagining Mr. Madden the hero of Bengal, and that that gentleman would, most likely, receive the honour with a proper grace.

"'Mr. Madden,' said the lady, with a sharp glance at me over her spectacles, 'is a gentleman whom we both, Angelina and myself, respect and esteem; he has been useful to us under distressing and trying circumstances, and we cannot feel otherwise than grateful; but—and Mrs. Bradshaw spoke with great energy and decision—'there was nothing further; indeed, it was quite preposterous to suppose there could be. Angelina was but just turning nineteen, while Mr. Madden was at least—'

"'Forty-eight, the third of August last,' I put in. I knew he was some fifteen years younger, but, Heaven forgive me, I was determined, if possible, to demolish him at a blow.

"'Forty-eight!' Mrs. Bradshaw thought him at least five years older, and as he was not at all handsome, she was at a loss to know why I coupled his name with Angelina's.

"I was at a loss, too; and I muttered something about friendship occasionally ripening into love.

"Mrs. Bradshaw believed that such was frequently the case, but thought that the present one must be regarded as entirely exceptional. Should she tell me why they looked upon Mr. Madden in the light of a true friend?

"Of course. I should be delighted to hear it. Indeed, it was the very thing I wanted to know.

"Well, the task would be a painful, perhaps a humiliating one, but she thought it due to my friend that I should be aware of his disinterested kindness. Some three months ago, owing to the stoppage of a large bank in which Mrs. Bradshaw had lodged a considerable sum—(she did not say what that sum was, but I set it down as fifteen thousand, and probably a few odd hundreds)—they were reduced, for the moment, to a state bordering on actual poverty. The circumstance was hinted to Mr. Madden by a mutual friend (the name of the friend did not appear,) when he, in the most generous manner, placed at their disposal a fifty-pound note, which enabled them to live, and look hopefully forward to the time when the said bank should resume its payments; for, she regretted to say, it had not yet done so, though she had received repeated assurances that everything would be right in a few weeks.

"And how long was it since Jack advanced the loan?" I asked.

"'Nearly three months.'

"Why the fifty pounds must be already exhausted. In a moment my hand was on my cheque-

book; in another, I had filled up a cheque for one hundred pounds (fairly extinguishing Madden and his beggarly fifty,) and was on my knees before Mrs. Bradshaw, begging her acceptance of it for 'the few weeks,' she had named, as the greatest possible favour she could render me.

"The good lady was melted to tears, and after a terrible struggle with her feelings, won the victory, and took the money. It is true that after the draft had been duly honoured at the 'Provincial,' the sum of £25 14s. 8d. would only remain to my credit—but what of that? Mrs. Bradshaw was accommodated—Angelina—I felt I could now call her *my* Angelina—was relieved and re-assured, and Jack Madden would henceforward be looked upon as a miserable impostor, and wholly unworthy the consideration of either mother or daughter.

"Need I say that I grew every day in favour, and was a welcome visitor at Holly Lodge, and that Jack's sun began to set? The widow herself said openly to me that he was high-shouldered, and Angelina, (bless her!) thought he squinted. I, of course, heartily coincided with them, though it would have sadly taxed my ingenuity to prove that these assertions had any foundation in fact. But it suited my purpose to depreciate him, and this I did with a right good-will.

"Things went on in this way for at least a month. Angelina becoming more tender and loving day after day. Jack's society was shunned, and mine courted; his arm refused, and mine accepted; his presents thrown carelessly into a box; mine worn and prized. In a word, every pains was taken to make it appear that I was the favoured lover—he the rejected one.

"From personal friends we (that is, Jack and I) became deadly enemies, and glared at each other defiance and hate in that little front parlour. Now that I look back upon it, I am forced to smile. Two friends, staunch as steel, sitting but two or three yards apart, silent

as death, and nearly as grim, scowling and growling, and wishing the world and all things in it at an end, and yet holding their ground as unconcerned as if they themselves had no personal interest in their destruction.

"Contrary to my usual custom I walked home one evening. Why I did so I am now unable to say, unless it were to give me more time to think of Angelina than a hurried ride would admit of. Madden had left a few minutes before me, but as I stepped out I saw him in the pale moonlight, leaning on the garden-gate, in earnest conversation with the pretty housemaid. I did not wish to pass him, so took the rear instead of the front of the house, and got upon the road by crossing two fields and a holly fence. My survey of him was necessarily a very hasty one, yet it struck me that he looked greatly agitated, and that the muscles of his face twitched convulsively. 'What can be the matter?' thought I. 'Oh he has got his *congé*, doubtless—it can be nothing else.'

"I had not walked a quarter of a mile, when I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs upon the hard road, and before long Jack pulled up at my side.

"'Stephen,' he exclaimed, (it was the first word he had spoken to me for a long six weeks, and my heart bounded as I heard it) 'Stephen, let us have done with this cursed nonsense; we have been apart long enough—too long, God knows; so take my hand, and be the friend that until this foolish misunderstanding you used to be.'

"I took his hand and pressed it warmly, and then dismounting, he threw the bridle-rein over his right arm, and passed his left within mine.

"'I have been thinking,' he said, after a pause, during which we walked slowly along, 'that, like the fifth wheel to a carriage, I'm not wanted at Holly Lodge. Various circumstances have forced this truth upon me. Every man possesses a certain amount of self-love and vanity, which I suppose are

but other names for coxcombry and conceit. *My* self-love, vanity, coxcombry, or conceit—call it what you will—has this night received a sudden, and it may be painful check, and I have discovered a truth which sooner or later I should be forced to learn. I cannot now enter into particulars, but as you are richer, younger, gayer, and handsomer than myself, I leave you in the undisturbed possession of the field you have so fairly won.

"I thought there was a little irony in the tone and manner with which Jack emphasised those four adjectives of the comparative degree; but, as I made all proper allowance for the state of his feelings at the moment, I said nothing.

"We parted at a cross-road; Madden on his way to a friend's place some three miles off, I to seek my own fireside, comfort myself with a reeking hot tumbler of whiskey-punch, and then retire to my pillow, to dream of Angelina and of paradise.

"I dreamt of neither, strange enough, but of a huge sailor, with a shaggy red head and beard, and a most ruffianly cast of countenance. I thought he stood over me as I lay, and grinned so hideously that I fairly hid my head beneath the bed-clothes, as if to shut him out for ever from my sight. I awoke with fear and trembling, and he was gone. Again I dropped asleep, and again he was beside me, grinning as before, this time adding a grotesque dance to what he appeared to consider a highly intellectual entertainment. Whether the entertainment was for my special behoof and pleasure was a question that admitted of considerable doubt, but I was forced to enjoy it, or at least, seem to enjoy it, which possibly was pretty much the same to my seafaring friend. I thought he was slightly intoxicated, and that he admitted the soft impeachment to me in a moment of confidence, as he staggered against a chair and measured his length upon the floor. I thought, too, that as he floundered about upon my best carpet,

(filthy beast that he was) he muttered something about Angelina Bradshaw, whom he called upon in rather a husky tone of voice, to pull off his boots and fetch him a pot of porter. An effort to fling a chamber candlestick at the wretch's head, once more awoke me, and finding sleep now impossible, I arose, dressed, and was out with the lark.

"But, if I were as early as the lark, I was assuredly not quite so merry. Madden's words had somehow made a deep impression upon me; and the sailor, who felt himself inconvenienced by his boots, in no way helped to remove it.

"What on earth is going to happen?" I asked myself. And echo answered 'what?'

"I breakfasted at nine, and at a quarter to eleven was most profitably employed tapping my fingernails against the window and whistling in a most disconsolate manner, 'I'd mourn the hopes that leave me.' Oh, this will never do, thought I. Action is the only thing for me. That confounded sailor with his boots and porter are as firmly in my head as ever, and all three must be driven out of it without a moment's notice.

"I walked out again, and instinctively my feet turned towards Holly Lodge. I reached it about one o'clock, and found Angelina at home, and alone. I thought she looked pale and anxious, and I felt a pang at my heart as I inquired after her health. She answered me tenderly, and satisfactorily, and for a time I felt relieved.

"You are out early, Mr. O'Leary," she said, as I took a seat beside her on the sofa; "how is your friend, Mr. Madden?"

"I don't know," said I, a little tartly; "he seemed well enough last night."

"Indeed! He's a strange man. However he is not likely to visit us for some time. I fear mamma and I have acted rather rudely towards him."

"How?"

"He presumed, Mr. O'Leary, upon an obligation which we were

under to him—to—to—.' She stopped, covered her face with her handkerchief, and burst into tears.

"Now was my time. 'Angelina!' I exclaimed, sinking on my knees and quietly withdrawing the handkerchief. 'Angelina!—loved—adored Angelina!—nav, turn not away, but hear me. For years I have nourished in my breast a wasting fire which threatens to reduce to ashes this wretched body—its smouldering embers—its—its (come to my aid, good mother tongue; but, hang it, no, she doesn't understand Irish). I say, 'the slow fire that consumes my vitals now—(Hem. Coleman, the Younger)—I mean that Madden's audacity has loosed my tongue, and my bosom now swells with virtuous love and honest indignation. Yes Angelina, what has made me sever so abruptly the sacred ties of friendship, and doom to destruction the best, but most presumptuous of men? What but the hope of winning a smile from you, perhaps a tender glance. Believe me I am no ordinary man. I love not like an ordinary man—'I never sued to friend or enemy' (Shakespeare). 'I am incapable of it—were I to try it I should be disowned by the O'Leary's, now and for evermore, and my name become a bye-word for I know not how many successive generations. But now—ah, look at me!—cast me not utterly away. I cannot live save in your presence, without you life and light are but the death and darkness of despair—this world a wilderness, or something worse, its inhabitants savages of the first water, and myself like Nebuchadnezzar of old (excuse the simile) all 'toe-nails and feathers.'

"The toe-nails and feathers, I verily believe did the business, for she laid a hand gently upon mine and sobbed, but not so violently as before.

"Bid me not rise," I continued, "until I know my doom. Am I to live, to walk abroad, to enjoy the green fields and sparkling brooks, to look upon the waving corn, and welcome the hour when the last grain shall be dropped into the bucket,

and the sum of my happiness be complete. Or, shall I live to go forth from this room a crushed and mutilated wretch, dead to the world and all its joys, alive only to the worst feeling of our nature—a gloomy revenge.'

"Her whole frame quivered, but she did not speak.

"'It is but a word,' I whispered, as my arm passed round her waist. 'Devotion like mine claims its reward. For you I would live beside a crater, or perch upon a slumbering volcano. For you I would challenge Fighting Fitzgerald himself, were he alive, or defy O'Connell before assembled Kerry. For you I would beard, as Fin Macboul, of glorious memory, once said, 'the lion in his den—the Douglass in his hall,' and make a prisoner of the one, and a spatchcock of the other. Why, then, do you look coldly on me? Remember that I could do all that I have said, and much more that I have not said, to hear from your lips those three little words—'I love you.'"

"My head grew dizzy as I finished, for my eloquence was quite exhausted. But right upon my shoulder was laid a fair, soft cheek; and straight to my heart went a low, sweet voice, and doubt, and darkness had vanished for ever.

"I folded her a thousand (no, I beg pardon, a hundred) times in my arms: I pressed her to my heart; I called her my own, and begged that an early day might be named, on which the Saxon Bradshaw might be merged in the Celtic O'Leary. She blushed, and promised to consult her mother that very night.

"'I am the more anxious about it, my love,' I said, 'from a dream that I had last night, in which you were, ridiculously enough, mixed up with an inebriated, and not over-good-looking sailor.'

"Shall I ever forget the cry that now burst from the lips of my betrothed, as she sunk upon the floor like one dead?—never, were I to live to the day of doom, or a day beyond it.

"My first thoughts were to summon assistance; my second—and second thoughts are sometimes best—to place her upon the sofa, moisten her lips and forehead with cold water, open the window, and await the result with as much self-possession as I could call up for the occasion.

"In about ten minutes she revived, and after a little time I learnt from her that, since her poor father's melancholy death, the slightest allusion to a sailor was always attended with similar results.

"What more natural? I inwardly cursed my stupidity, and outwardly promised never even to think of a buffet of salt water again.

"In a quarter of an hour Mrs. Bradshaw returned. She looked a little excited, as I thought, on entering, but calmed down immediately on seeing me, and we shook hands most cordially. I soon after took my leave, being desirous of giving Angelina an opportunity of bringing the subject nearest my heart under the good lady's notice.

"We parted (Angelina and I) at the gate, where I had seen Madden talking with the housemaid, and I smiled as I remembered it. I took my betrothed in my arms, and pressed her again and again to my heart. She trembled violently, as she disengaged herself from my embrace, and, with a deep sigh, said 'Good night, dear Stephen, and may God for ever bless and guard you!'

"I walked slowly down the road, pondering upon the earnestness of her manner, and the solemnity of her 'good night;' and, on turning round at a bend of the road, I saw her—and as distinctly do I see her now—standing as I left her, and looking sorrowfully after me, one hand pressed firmly against her throat, as if to stay its throbbings, and the other hanging motionless by her side.

"And so, upon that clear, cold night, with the starry heavens alone for a witness, I parted from the

only woman that (for the time) I ever really loved.

"The next morning immediately after breakfast I set out for Holly Lodge, with all the feelings of a husband deep seated in my heart. I ought to have mentioned before (but perhaps it will do now just as well) that there was a small orchard at the rear of Mrs. Bradshaw's house, and that frequently to avoid encountering Jack I had climbed the wall, and jumping down, sat patiently in the summer-house until I heard his retreating footsteps. Now, be it known to you, that on that particular day an apple-tree—with more arms than usually fall to the lot of an apple-tree, and which had by its unsightliness, on various occasions given me personal offence—reared its detestable crest as I approached the house. With a grim smile I strode up to the wall, dropped myself down from its top, after my usual fashion, and advanced towards the object of my hate, with a look so menacing that it quivered in every limb and joint of its hideous body. I shook one of those limbs savagely, but shook myself the next instant; for there, as I'm a living man, stretched on a rustic seat, with a pipe and pot before him, was the sailor of my dreams. Was I deceived? Impossible! There was the red head, the dirty boots, and the half-tipsy air, just as plainly to my waking senses as when they exhibited themselves for my delectation at O'Leary Castle.

"I held my breath and gazed in mingled horror and disgust at this wretched caricature of a 'jolly tar,' and being hid from his view by the offending apple-tree, I was enabled to watch his movements without being observed.

"He was apparently about five-and-forty, short and thick, with a coarse, red face and neck, a snub-nose, and a gash which, for politeness-sake, I suppose I must call a mouth. He was well and cleanly dressed, always excepting his boots which were—and neither of you will be surprised to hear it—infernally dirty. Never in the whole

course of a rather lengthened and chequered career had it been my misfortune to behold an uglier man. Were it otherwise I would now candidly admit it.

"'What the h—ll does all this mean?' growled the ruffian, as, having emptied the vessel, he shook the ashes from his pipe and prepared to refill it. A man comes here to see his own wife, and when he axes civilly where she is and what she's up to, he's told by an old craft, rigged up like the figure head of the 'Mermaid' that I once sailed in, 'to be off'—'that there's no such person here'—'that I am quite mistaken,' and a lot of d—d nonsense of that kind. Now, I'm blessed if I'm going to stand all this. I like a joke as well as any swab that ever 'bent on' a 'clew-line' but I'm tarred if this here one aint more than I can stomach. If Mary (oh, thought I, that pretty, little, rogueish maid has been giving her loving spouse the slip, and the deuce a bit of me wonders at it) had let me know when she was making for another port, taking with her my goods and chattels,—I say, if she had written to me, and said, dear Bill, I'm here, or there, or wherever the place might be, and getting on swimmingly, with a fair wind and plenty of canvass, and a rich captain as doesn't spare the blunt, why, then, I'd have said, as any affectionate husband ought to say, 'Go on, Mary, my lass, keep your head above water, and your weather eye well open, and it's all right. Now, that's what I'd call private and confidential. But, Lor' bless you (he looked straight at the empty pewter, so that I presumed he was addressing it), there's nothing of the kind. A naval hero is no one here, and so that old griffin tells me to crowd all sail, and make for the nearest port at the rate of six knots an hour, or that there'll blow a most damnable hurricane presently. Now, as I said before, I wasn't a going to stand all this, so I bears up to the next public house, a queer old 'caboose' of a place, refreshes myself

gloriously, lays in another potfull, gets over that there wall, and, fair weather or, foul I drops anchor here to-night, and that's flat.'

"The rascal settled himself with great deliberation upon the seat, and, overcome with the liquor, was soon fast asleep.

"I entered the house hurriedly, for the purpose of calling attention to my sleeping friend, and having him summarily ejected from the premises when I was as hurriedly met by Mary, who threw herself in my way, and with an earnestness that at once arrested my attention, entreated me to go no further. 'We are all in confusion, here,' she said, 'and hardly know what to do. Miss Angelina is very ill, and my poor mistress half distracted. I myself am turned topsy-turvy, that—

"A loud snort from the summer-house brought her to a full stop.

"'What is the matter?' she asked, in some alarm.

"'Only a drunken sailor,' said I maliciously, 'and he seems to know you very well.'

"The next moment I repented my rashness, for with the words came a cry from the poor girl's lips, and she clutched at me nervously for support.

"'Great heaven!' she exclaimed, 'where will all this end? Mr. O'Leary, as you are a gentleman and have a regard for my mistress, leave me to get that sot quietly out of the house. In two hours you may return, and I promise you—'

"'Two hours, and Angelina ill?'

"'I deceived you—she is weak and nervous—nothing more. I watched by her last night, but she is now better. This business I must manage myself, and of all things keep her from coming down stairs. Should she chance to meet the wretch, the sight of him would kill her.'

"'What do you mean, woman,' I asked, rather angrily, and what has that miserable husband of yours to do with my intended wife?'

"'My miserable husband!' she repeated, looking fixedly at me—

my miserable husband, and your intended — poor. deceived,'—she stopped suddenly, and, quick as the lightning's flash, came a bright gleam of intelligence across her face.

"'Yes, you are right,' she exclaimed, in an altered tone, 'he is wretched, and I am wretched, and we are all wretched. Now go, in God's name; come back in two hours, and you will find—no matter what.'

"'Why, you are crying, girl!'

"'How can it be otherwise? See, a tear has fallen on your hand, let me wipe it off—there!'

"She pushed me gently out, seized my hand (the tear-wet hand I think) pressed it to her lips, closed the door upon me, and was gone. I now looked at my hand, and saw, for the first time that twenty drops had found a lodgement there, instead of one.

"I do not know how I spent the two hours, except that it was neither in eating, drinking, nor sleeping. I have some idea—a faint one, it is true—that half that time found me three or four miles from Holly Lodge, sitting in a recently dug potatoe-field, and smiling feebly at two crows, who were quietly inspecting, at some little distance, the internal economy of one of those esculents. I thought they looked at me rather pityingly, and exchanged winks and nods with each other, which were evidently intended to convey their own individual impressions as to the precise cause of my unhappiness.

"Five minutes, George, and I have done. I returned in the evening, to find a small black kitten, and a pet rabbit, the only inmates of Holly Lodge. The rest were gone."

"Gone!" cried Graham.

"Yes, gone," said Stephen, composedly. "Mrs. Bradshaw, Angelina, the girl, the sailor, every living soul of them gone—the cat—the rabbit—the furniture, and a blackened hearth alone remained."

"And what became of them?'

"A few lines in Angelina's hand told me all I cared to know. She

was already married, and the sailor was her husband. Poor wretch! She might have smelled his boots any day a mile off. In his absence on a voyage to Boston, she yielded to the temptations of her landlady, an ex-Bond Street milliner, and ran off, taking with her all the portable property of the absent tar. The milliner accompanied her, and, under the name of Bradshaw, sustained the character of mother to the life.

"Little more remains to be told. They came to Holly Lodge (and how they found out that spot Heaven only knows,) laden with the spoils, took it, furnished it, lived in it, enjoyed themselves in it, and, to some extent at least, swindled in it. Mrs. Bradshaw was accomplished, as all milliners are, and taught Angelina (her real name was Mary,) music, and dancing, and a score of other things that I cannot now remember, and, for a time, all went on as merry as marriage-bells. Suddenly, and without warning, our nautical friend

appeared upon the scene, and all was changed. Nothing now for her but to return. Had she refused to do so, Tar-and-Water would have strangled her on the spot."

"And have you never heard of her since?"

"Yes. She contrived in a month afterwards to give her husband the slip a second time, and made her way to Paris, where she fell in with a notorious blackleg named Russell, with whom she travelled for nearly three years. That gentleman happening to die suddenly, received his deserts—"a pauper's grave"—and she returned to England and the magnanimous blue jacket, who received her with open arms. Since that time she has fallen, if possible, lower in the social scale; was once imprisoned for debt, twice for robbery, and may now be seen (a little faded, no doubt,) cigar vending in the immediate neighbourhood of the clubs, any time between the hours of 9 and 12 p.m.

CONCERNING OYSTERS.

AUGUST is a month that has red-letter days for such as delight in the luxuries of eating. Do we not, in that month, begin the carnival of "St. Grouse?" and do we not hear the pleasant sounds of "Please to mind the Grotto?" Is it not likewise the month that ushers in the ever-welcome oyster? In nearly every street and alley, early in August, may be heard resounding the words "Only once a year!" and groups of merry children building their grottoes remind us that the long days are passing—that Autumn is at hand—and that in a few brief months the Christmas barrel of oysters will be travelling "inland" on the rapid railway, passing in its course the friendly and welcome exchange hamper of country produce—containing the choice pheasant, and the plump turkey. But September, and not August, is the real month for the inauguration of the oyster season—although, by ancient custom, perhaps originating in the impatience of our *gourmets*, the right date has been anticipated, and oyster-eating has become general even so early as the 5th of the latter month. It is wrong, however, to partake of oysters thus early—as wrong as it was three centuries ago to eat them on St. James's Day, although the superstition of the period gave weight to the act; as in those days there existed a proverb that persons who ate oysters on the 25th of July would have plenty of money all the rest of the year.

In those remote times, the knowledge of sea-produce was exceedingly limited, and the people could only guess the proper season for indulging in what we call "shell-fish." Of late years, however, our knowledge, both of the curiosities of the deep and the wonders of the shore, has been largely extended. The dredge,

"—with its iron edge
And its mysterious triangle,"

has enabled many who knew not such things before to become familiar with the strange creatures that dwell in the caverns of the sea.

"The crab so bold, like a knight of old
In scaly armour plated,
And the slimy snail, with a shell on his tail,
And the star-fish radiated."

Indeed, the ways and works of our shell-fish have excited more attention of late years than almost any other department of natural history; and although it is not easy, from the difficulty of obtaining access to sea-animals, to obtain accurate information about their growth and habits, yet it is pleasing to think that we know a great deal more of these interesting creatures than our forefathers. Our worthy ancestors, for instance, were quite contented to swallow their oysters without inquiring very minutely about how they were bred: the oyster-shell was opened simply that its contents might be devoured along with the necessary quantity of bread and butter and brown stout. They did not think of the delicacy as a subject of natural history—with them it was a simply delicious condiment. But in the present day, that style of eating has been altogether reformed—people like to know what they eat; and from the investigations of M. Coste and other naturalists, we now know as much about the oyster, and the Mollusca in general, as we do about the Crustacea.

Were it our cue to show how learned we are in oyster lore, ample materials are extant for an informing essay on that classic mollusk. Have not its praises been chanted in Latin verse by the ancient poets? Has it not been immortalised by Martial and Juvenal? And did not the Roysterers—the fast men—of ancient Rome extol its glories at their Bacchanalian revels? Is it not on record that the Emperor Vitellius could swallow twelve hundred Italian "natives" at a sitting?

and that he could endure four sittings per *diem*? Have we not read, too, that the voluptuous Romans, when they sojourned at their country villas, hard by Lake Lucrinus, on the confines of the Tyrrhenian sea, ate their oysters by the thousand? Was it not at Baia, in the locality we have named, that Sergius Orata erected his far-famed oyster-nurseries? And are we not indebted to them for the "idea" that now prevails on the continent, and that has enabled the people of France to repeople their exhausted rivers with all kinds of fish, and their seas with the tempting *Ostrea edulis*?

The wise Seneca apostrophises oysters as "dear to the gourmand," as exciting instead of satiating the appetite, and as never causing illness, even when eaten to excess; and the Encyclopædia Britannica very learnedly tells us, that "from the time of the discovery of Britain by the Romans the flavour of the oyster has been held in high esteem." There can be no doubt about either of these facts; and the esteem in which the delicacy is held in the present day is proved by the demand, for by gobbling up our oysters so fast we are likely in a short time to have none to eat. Notwithstanding the unprecedented fecundity of the *Ostrea edulis*, it is yearly becoming scarcer. This must be so, when we consider that in London alone about seven hundred millions are annually swallowed, and that the provinces are ever on the alert to swallow all they can procure, and are constantly asking for more.

The oyster is a curiously-constructed animal. Its mouth is a kind of trunk or snout, with four lips, and leafy coverings or gills are spread over the body to act as lungs, and keep from the action of the water the air which the animal requires for its existence: this covering is divided into two lobes with ciliated edges. Four leaves or membraneous plates act as capillary funnels, open at the furthest extremities. Behind the gills there is a large whitish fatty part, en-

closing the stomach and intestines. The vessels of circulation play into muscular cavities, which act the part of the heart. The stomach is situated near the mouth. The oyster has no feet, but it moves by opening and closing its shell, and it secures its food by means of its beard, which acts as a kind of rake. In fact, the internal structure of the oyster is exceedingly simple—its outside all are familiar with.

Generally speaking, many curious opinions have been held about shell-fish; at one time they were thought to be only masses of oily or other matter, scarcely alive, and insensible to pain. Who could suppose, it was asked, that a portion of blubber like the oyster—that could only have been first eaten by some courageous individual—could have much feeling? But we know better now, and although the organisation of the mollusca is not of a high order, it is perfect of its kind, and has within it indications of organs that in beings of a higher type serve a loftier purpose, and point out the beginnings of Nature—showing how she works her way from the simplest imaginings of animal life to the complex human machine. The oyster has no doubt its joys and sorrows, and throbs with life and pleasure, as do animals of a higher organic structure.

The Abbé Diquemare, who has keenly observed the habits of the principal molusca, assures us that the oyster, when free, is perfectly able to transport itself from one place to another, by simply causing the seawater to enter, and emerge suddenly from between their valves; and these they use with extreme rapidity and great force. By means of the operation now described, the oyster is able to defend itself from its enemies among the minor crustacea, particularly the small crabs, who endeavour to enter the shell when it is half open. "Some naturalists," the Abbé says, "go the length of allowing the oyster to have great foresight," which he illustrates by an allusion to the habits of those found at the

sea-side. "These oysters," he says, "exposed to the daily change of tides, appear to be aware that they are likely to be exposed to dryness at certain recurring periods, and so they preserve water in their shells to supply their wants when the tide is at ebb. This peculiarity renders them more easy of transportation to remote distances than those members of the family which are caught at a considerable distance from the shore."

Little controversies are constantly springing up as to the period when the oyster spawns, its rate of growth, &c. The oyster, which is supposed to be *hermaphrodite*, turns sick and throws out its spat in the spring and summer months—that is, the months without an "R" in them, *i.e.*, May, June, July, and August. The spat is a substance of a greenish hue, not unlike drops of tallow, which must ultimately find a resting-place on some rock, or loose stone, otherwise it is quite unproductive. When the spat is examined through a magnifying glass, there can be perceived in it a vast quantity of minute eggs of a white colour, which gradually change into the oyster shape. As the egg-cluster or nebulae breaks up, thousands of the *ostrea*, with a little hair attached to them, swim off to seek their fortune in the sea. By-and-bye the seedling settles down in a safe corner, and the hair speedily gives place to a rough shell. The eggs in each nebulae are numbered by hundreds of thousands; and it is said, but on whose authority we do not know, that as soon as the oyster is four months old it can produce young. This, however, we do not believe, as it is not corroborated by other naturalists. In fact, the statement is an evident exaggeration, as we know that an oyster forty days old is only the size of a lentil, and also that it requires a growth of at least three years to fit this particular mullusk for the market.

Oysters do not leave their *ova*, like many other marine creatures, but incubate them in the folds of

their mantle, and among the laminae of the lungs. There the *ova* remain surrounded by mucous matter, which is necessary to their development, and within which they pass through the embryo state. The mass of *ova*, or "spat," as it is familiarly called, undergoes various changes in its colour, meanwhile losing its fluidity. This stage indicates the near termination of the development, and the sending forth of the embryo to an independent existence, for by this time they can live without the protection of the maternal organs. An eminent French pisciculturist says, that the animated matter escaping from all the adults on a breeding-bank is like a thick mist being dispersed by the winds—the *spat* is so scattered by the waves that only an imperceptible portion remains near the parent stock. All the rest is dissipated over the sea space; and if these myriads of animalculæ, tossed by the waves, do not meet with solid bodies to which they can attach themselves, their destruction is certain. For if they do not fall victims to the larger animals which prey upon them, they are unfortunate in not fixing upon the proper place for their thorough development.

At Lake Fusaro, in the Bay of Naples, there is an extensive oyster-breeding establishment, which might yield a considerable revenue if it were cultivated as it ought to be; and now that the Neapolitan territory has changed hands, it may come to be better developed, as the income hitherto has only been thirty-two thousand francs per annum.

The mode adopted at Lake Fusaro, formerly known as Lake Avernus, is to aid the powers of nature by planting wooden stakes so interlaced with branches of trees as to catch upon their leaves the minute generating dust which has been already described, and which becomes a marketable commodity in the course of three or four years. The mode of gathering this oyster harvest is equally simple. As the supply is required,

the stakes are pulled up, and the mature oysters are selected for market, the small ones being left to grow till they in their turn attain to their proper size—the stakes and branches being, of course, duly replaced.

Like all the other fisheries of France, the oyster fishery had, till lately, been suffered to decay. Eighteen out of the twenty-three banks at Rochelle, Marrenes, Rochefort, &c., were in such a state of bankruptcy that oysters had to be imported to serve as breeding stock. The fifteen oyster-banks in the bay of St. Brieux were also quite despoiled—broken! by the unprecedented run upon them; so that in place of yielding a revenue of four hundred thousand francs per annum, and employment to a great many boats and their crews, they only gave employment to a score of boats. One of the causes of failure was an influx of mussels getting intermixed with the other bivalves, having the same effect as tares in a field of wheat. It is the vast demand, however, of such Roman Catholic countries as France, and the consequent over-fishing, that does the real mischief. At the isles of Rhe and Oleron, the far-famed green oysters were becoming extinct. The importance of these stoppages may be judged from the fact that Paris, which, in 1804 eat annually seventeen millions of huitres, consumed, in 1853, seventy millions from the Rocher de Cancale, one million and a half from Ostend, and half a million of the far-famed greens. With such a consumption, can we wonder that the supply was beginning to slacken? But there is balm in Gilead. Pisciculture has come to the rescue. M. Coste bids the Emperor be of good cheer, as he can carry his piscicultural plans into the raging sea, and can re-people the exhausted oyster-beds of France!

We shall await anxiously the solution of the grand problem which is now being worked out in the waters of France. If M. Coste can carry on his piscicultural operations

in the bed of the ocean, he will confer a valuable boon on his country, for which no reward will be too great.

So far as yet ascertained, the experiments conducted by Coste are progressing favourably. Ten beds were laid down on the coast of Brittany (Bay of St. Brieux) between March and May 1859, and in these beds were planted more than three millions of breeding oysters. These banks, or nurseries, were prepared by having cast upon them huge heaps of old oyster-shells and branches of trees, arranged like fascines, one of which boughs, upon being examined, was found to have attached, after a lapse of six months, no less than twenty thousand young oysters! In the Piscicultural Report for 1860, we obtain an idea of the cost of oyster-breeding, which we translate, for the benefit of people at home: "The total expenses for forming a bank was 221 francs; and if the 300 fascines laid down upon it be multiplied by 20,000 (the number of oysters they contain,) 600,000 will be obtained, which, if sold at twenty francs a thousand, will produce 120,000 francs. If, however, the number of oysters were to be reckoned at only 10,000, the sum of 60,000 francs would be received, which, for an expenditure of only 221 francs, would give a larger profit than any other branch of industry."

The Piscicultural Richelieu, who is recreating France, so far as its fisheries are concerned, is really going on with the propagation of oysters at a most astonishing rate. In addition to those already described, we hear of others in progress, including a series of 1,500 parks, or beds, at one place, which is calculated to give an enormous yield. Coste, in one of his interesting reports, tells us, that out of 250 old oyster-beds in the district of Rochelle, he has constructed more than 2,000 new ones! A park at Chatellaillon, between Rochefort and La Rochelle, near the mouth of the Charente, having been conceded by Government for piscicul-

tural purposes, has been turned to excellent account. This park is 2,400 yards in superficial area, 60 in length from north to south, and 40 in breadth from west to east. The walls are built of dry stones taken from the spot, are four feet high, and four and a half broad at the base, and terminate by a cone at the top. The cost of building is about sevenpence a yard. It is necessary in this locality that the bottom of the park should be formed of stones, so placed that the greater part do not touch the ground, because the culminating point is covered from one tier to another with a slime which kills the young fry, while the under part, which is not reached by it, offers to it the means of fixing itself, of growing and being developed without any obstacle. To protect the infant oysters against the violence of the tides of the equinoxes, says the official reporter, "we divide the entire park into compartments of various forms, surrounded by small walls of dry stone, which unite the advantages of protecting the fish and serving as roads for improvement."

They certainly manage *these* things well in France; and the French Government is not slow to reward those who make discoveries that will permanently enrich the country, or confer even a temporary benefit on the community. This has been exemplified in the matter of pisciculture. The poor fishermen who re-discovered the art (for pisciculture was well known to the ancients, and was even practised upon the continent about a century ago) were bounteously rewarded, and provided with a situation, in order that they might carry out their ideas of fish-breeding. By means of their discovery the waters of France have been repeopled, and a gigantic nursery has been erected at Huningue for the carrying out of the Government plans for restocking the ponds, canals, and rivers with these species of fish, which are most valuable as food. The value of the fish commerce of France, which a few years ago was

not equal to the money produce of some of our Scottish salmon streams, is now remarkable, and by the development of the art of maritime pisciculture is likely to be still further enhanced.

But, to come back to our "muttons." The geographical distribution of oysters is most lavish; wherever there is a sea-board, there will they be found. The old stories of ancient mariners, who sailed the seas before the days of cheap literature, will be recalled, and their boasted knowledge of the wonders of the fish world of oysters that grew on trees, and oysters so large that they required to be carved just like a round of beef or quarter of lamb. All these tales were formerly considered so many romances. Who believed Uncle Jack, when he gravely told his wondering nephews about oysters as large as a soup-plate being found on the coast of Coromandel? But, nevertheless, Uncle Jack's stories have been found to be true—there *are* large oysters which require carving, and oysters *have* been plucked off trees. There are wonderful tales about oysters that have been taken on the coast of Africa—plucked too from the very trees that our good, but ignorant forefathers, did not believe in. The ancient Romans, who knew all the secrets of good living, had the oysters of all countries brought to their fish stews, in order that they might experiment upon them and fatten them for table purposes. Although they gave the palm to those from Britain, they had a great many varieties from Africa, and had ingenious modes of transporting them to great distances, which have been lost to modern pisciculturists.

The Americans are great lovers of the oyster; and, from being in possession of an extensive sea-board, they have the means of procuring what at present may be termed an unlimited supply. In Long Island Sound alone there is an oyster-bed which extends for the great distance of 115 miles. In City Island—the Whitstable of America—the whole population, about 400 people, are

engaged in the oyster-trade. Many other parts of America besides the New York district are famous for oysters; and in some parts of the American Continent they grow to a very large size. So important, in fact, do the Americans consider the oyster, that it has been the subject of innumerable "Messages" by Governors, Vice-Presidents, heads of departments, &c.—the last we have seen being that of Governor Wise to the Legislature of Virginia. According to that gentleman's estimate, Virginia possesses an area of about 1,680,000 acres of oyster-beds, containing about 784,000,000 of bushels of that one mollusk. It is estimated that the oyster spawns at least 3,000,000 annually; yet, notwithstanding this enormous productive power, and the vast extent of oyster-beds in this one State, there is danger, the Governor tells us, of the oyster being exterminated, unless measures are taken to prevent their being dredged at improper seasons of the year. Governor Wise proposes to confine the oyster-catching business to citizens of the State exclusively; and to charge three cents a bushel for all the oysters taken, which he estimates would yield an annual revenue of 480,000 dollars. The Governor is of opinion, that the oyster-banks so regulated will pay a better bonus to the State than paper-money banks, and regards them as a richer source of profit than either gold, iron, or copper mines. Another of the American States may be mentioned for its oyster wealth. The seaboard of Georgia is famed for its immense supplies of that mollusk, great breakwaters being formed by oysters, which keep off the sea from the land; in fact, all over America the oyster is to be found in great abundance. In New York and other cities evidences are to be seen on all sides of the love of the people for this favourite mollusk. Oyster saloons abound in all the principal streets, and each one appears to do more business than its neighbour. In these saloons—most of which, though handsomely fitted up, are situated underground in the base-

ment of some of the great mercantile establishments for which the chief cities of the Union are famed—the cooking of oysters is carried on at all hours, and in all modes. A writer who has described the traffic, says, "Oysters pickled, stewed, baked, roasted, fried, and scoloped; oysters made into soups, patties, and puddings; oysters with condiments and without condiments; oysters for breakfast, dinner, and supper; oysters without stint or limit—fresh as the pure air, and almost as abundant—are daily offered to the palates of the Manhattanese, and appreciated with all the gratitude which such a bounty of nature ought to inspire." So much for America.

At home, in these islands, we have imitated the "pisciculture" of the French in the matter of salmon-breeding; and in the cultivation of oysters we adopt some of their plans, although not to any great extent. The oyster is with us a favourite article of consumption, and large supplies are annually required, in consequence of the ever-increasing demand. To keep pace with the requirements of the oyster salesmen, beds of oysters have been formed down the Thames, seaward, on both the Kentish and Essex coasts. The mode adopted is an evident imitation of the French *parc*, and the beds are zealously guarded and attended to. At East Swale Bay, some miles from Canterbury, there is Whitstable, with its "ancient and fish-like smell," which is quite an oyster town, and nothing but an oyster town; and at Faversham, Queenborough, and Rochester, there is a large commerce carried on in this particular shell-fish. In some of the "parks" at these places "natives" are grown in perfection. The portion of the beds set apart for the rearing of "natives" is as sacred as the waxen cells devoted to the growth of queen bees, and the coarser denizens of the mid-channel are not allowed to be mixed therewith. In these beds, or farms, as we may call them, each person's ground is

distinctly marked off by means of long poles stuck in the bed of the river. At Whitstable, the oyster-grounds belong to a society—a kind of homely joint-stock company, which has grown up through family ties of blood and marriage, and which has its head-quarters in a public-house. The “free dredgers” of Whitstable are all born and married “thoughther,” to use a Scotch phrase, just like the bulk of the inhabitants of the quaint old Scottish fishing-towns on the banks of the Moray Frith. The Oyster Company of Whitstable is conducted in quite a primitive way; in fact, it is in strict keeping with the town, which is of a most primitive build. The Stock of the Whitstable oyster-dredgers is not known on ‘Change, but it is a source of humble independence to those who share in its profits. The company is governed by a body of twelve directors, or jurymen, who transact all the business of receiving and dividing the sale-money. The sales of produce are carried on through two of the London salesmen, and the money is promptly remitted to the community; and it is known, that one or two of the brotherhood are what, in a small way, may be called “warm” men.

The great centre in England for the distribution of oysters is that Piscatorial Bourse, Billingsgate, and the countless thousands of bushels of this molluscous dainty which find their way through “Oyster Street” to this Fish Exchange mark the everlasting demand. Oysters are sold by the bushel, and every measure is made to pay a toll of fourpence, and another sum of like amount for its carriage to the shore. All oysters sold at Billingsgate are liable to this eightpenny tax. Periwinkles, or “winkles,” as they are familiarly called—and great quantities of them change hands at this emporium—are also sold by the bushel or gallon. Crabs change proprietors by the “kit” (a basket measure), while lobsters are either sold by the score or the “double,”

and we can see in various corners of Billingsgate tokens of a most abundant supply. Lobster sales, and the disposal of crabs and other crustacea, are carried on by the consignees at all times, independent of the fresh-fish market. In addition to the countless numbers of crabs and lobsters, visitors to the market will see no end of boxes and bags filled with “natives” and other oysters, which are destined to be fattened on Scotch oatmeal for the shell-fish shops of the Hay-market region.

All round the British coasts the hardy dredgers are at work to provide the supplies; and so exacting has the demand now become, that there is considerable fear expressed by people who know, that in a year or two we may have an oyster famine. Large supplies of shell-fish of all kinds are obtained both from Scotland and Ireland, and these countries produce excellent oysters. Who has not heard of the “Whiskered Pandores,” obtained at Joppa, near Edinburgh, and so called because they are fattened at the doors of the salt-pans of that place? Has not Hogg and Wilson celebrated them in the “Noctes?” Then, in Ireland, there is the gigantic oyster of Carrieffergus, which may be obtained at the Athens of the sister country. Are there not also the Powldoodies, and the green-finned oyster of Burran—so much better than it looks—and the red-bank Burran oyster as well, a staple commodity of the Limerick connoisseur? And better than all, is there not the poor man’s oyster of Howth? and hath not the lively Christopher North said of it:—“Allow me to tell you, Ariostos, that with a fresh penny roll, a pennyworth of good Howth natives, pepper included, and a pennyworth of beer, I have seen a poor hard-working fellow dine as heartily, and thank God as fervently, as if he had been set down *vis-à-vis* with your worship and soup, fish and dessert.” That glorious meal must have been made in the young days of Christopher. Oysters now are nearly a penny apiece!

RECORDS OF WHITECROSS STREET PRISON.

A Wrangle about Honesty—Drunkenness Cured—Mr. McCarthy, the Mormonite—Serious Reflections upon the Inmates—Another Swindling Attorney—Mr. Moss's Eyes Opened—"Bill," Butler to Mr. Glass—Count Capoloski, *alias* Jem Nesbit—Privations and Sufferings of the Truly Unfortunate—Reckless Scoundrels—The Mine Speculator and His Frauds.

OUR friend, Moss, now left alone for a short time, paced the yard in profound meditation. It recurred to his mind how sad and melancholy was the fate of those whose cases he had heard, and to his really honest, unsophisticated mind the whole savoured more of romance than reality. From this state of reflection he was aroused by a loud and angry discussion, going on between two hitherto quiet individuals. They bandied hard words, and harder oaths and names, in language neither choice nor chaste. Of course they were encircled by a crowd of persons, who all appeared the partisans of one—ignoring the arguments of the other as preposterously absurd, and a foolish attempt to elevate himself above the level of his compeers. Both were obstinate and self-willed, and neither felt disposed to give way in any one particular. At length a peacemaker appeared, and to put an end to this tumult, proposed that each should state his opinion without interruption, and the company should decide in whose favour the argument tended, by vote. After a great deal of useless and vague discussion, this proposal was acceded to, and the subject was stated as follows:—

One yeoman-like individual declared it to be imperative upon every honest man to pay his debts to the uttermost farthing, notwithstanding they were relieved from the necessity of so doing by the Court of Bankruptcy. This relief, he argued, ought to be looked upon as merely a temporary cessation of hostilities, and protection from the ruinous law costs. But it did not absolve an honourable man from fulfilling the duties which were dictated by every moral principle. For his part, although most harshly and cruelly used, he felt that moral

obligation to overwhelm all other considerations, and he, for one, would unquestionably pay twenty shillings in the pound, although not compelled by law to do so. He considered a man's conscience was the law which ought to be obeyed, therefore he humbly thought he had the best of the argument.

A general burst of derisive laughter followed the delivery of this argument; and it was not difficult to judge who would be declared the victor. It is almost useless to observe, that the argument on the other side was of a diametrically opposite character. This person was not to be argued out of his common sense he said, and he should literally have 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth' out of every d—d creditor enumerated in his accounts! What! they had deprived him of the means of supporting his family—taken the bed from under his wife and children, turned them into the street without compassion or mercy—and was he going to forget *that*, and pay the extortionate scoundrels who had fattened upon his downfall? Not he; he would see them d—d first, and then he wouldn't.

Three deafening cheers proclaimed the victory for the last speaker, who had expressed the unreserved opinion of every one present except one, the odds being exactly 89 to 1.

—There was one man, a portman-teau-maker, who ought to be thankful for his incarceration. He had, for many years, led a life of intemperance; he was so far gone that a few weeks further indulgence in this baneful habit would have terminated fatally. Fortunately for him that career was terminated by a visit to this establishment. He was a most pitiable object and shook from head to foot. For more

than a week he could not partake of the delicacies procured for him by his devoted wife, notwithstanding the doctor allowed him to have one quartern of gin a day, upon which he seemed to have been sustained. He loathed all wholesome food, which if swallowed was rejected by his stomach, and he seemed to crave after his usual stimulants, viz., a bottle of pure gin a day, and he had offered ten shillings if any one could get smuggled in a *pint* of that liquor. This was almost impossible, for the authorities are very strict in prohibiting the introduction of spirituous liquors. His lamentations were loud and continuous for ten days, when he was persuaded to try to eat a small quantity of fried sole, kindly given him by one of the inmates. This, after much difficulty, was accomplished and remained on his stomach undisturbed. The like food was again tendered, accepted, and the same result followed. By degrees he could eat a light breakfast, and at dinner was persuaded to take beer and eschew the gin. This was done and in a fortnight's time he could eat heartily, enjoy his ale, and from that time became a rational and renovated individual. In this case good arose out of evil, for had he not been brought to the prison he would have passed hence and been no more seen. He had reason to be thankful, and so expressed himself, but alas! for good resolutions; on emerging from confinement he relapsed into the ruinous habit to the destruction of health and means, and in one month he was conveyed to Kensal Green Cemetery, a decided victim to this pernicious propensity. He left a wife and seven children in a deplorable state of penury and wretchedness!

In this motley throng was found a tall raw-boned Irishman, a low vulgar brute, haling from that den of iniquity formerly known as Petticoat Lane, but now bearing the euphonious appellation of Royal Mint Street. He was one of those disgusting animals who pride themselves upon their ignorance and insolence. He had been a smuggler

of tobacco and snuff, and many a long yarn has he spun out to those who could tolerate his ribald jest. If there was one trait in his character that one was good temper: he, could bear sarcasms, practical jokes, and, perhaps, a sound thrashing, if any one had had the temerity to inflict it. He professed himself a Mormonite, holding their doctrines above all others as the law of nature. He was never very delicate in expressions relating to womankind, upon whom he looked as the toy and slave of the more sturdy sex.

There was one gentleman, who had lately come from Greece, who undertook to settle Mr. McCarthy's arrogance by seeming to fall into his views of Mormonism. Upon this subject they had many noisy arguments, until our Greek friend avowed himself a convert and true believer of the creed. In thus acknowledging that he was vanquished and sincere in his proselytism, he would practically convince McCarthy of that sincerity by taking his (Mac's) wife, and add her to the harem he intended to establish when liberated!

This determination was no sooner uttered when down went Mr. A——, sprawling at length upon the stone floor, by a tremendous blow from the athletic arm of the enraged Irishman.

Every one was on the alert in a moment; no one felt disposed to encounter the same fate from the irate man, whose towering stature almost awed the whole assembly. After some time Mr. A—— recovered consciousness, and although urged by the bystanders to make a complaint of this brutal treatment, he very generously refused to do so. In the course of that day Mr. A—— was removed to the infirmary and died in one week afterwards! The outrage was of course communicated to the governor, who investigated the matter closely; but Mr. A—— at once exonerated McCarthy of any murderous intention; and the coroner's jury had sufficient evidence to prove that the unfortunate

deceased had been for a long time one mass of corruption arising from a loathsome disease.

After the fatal termination of this affair, McCarthy became more passive and quiet, and no doubt felt compunction for the share he had in the death of a fellow-creature. However, his repentance, if such it was, was of short duration; he broke out afresh, and remained a nuisance during the term of his detention. Soon after his liberation he fell into his old habits, was taken up for smuggling, and received a sentence of six months at Holloway. The next thing heard of him was his trial for receiving stolen goods; upon which occasion he was sentenced to two years at the same place. So much for the Irish Mormonite.

Our friends, Desperate and Moss, had by this time become great friends and almost inseparable companions, and as such had frequent and earnest conversations relating to the conduct and bearing of their companions in misfortune.

Moss could not help observing how overwhelming were the cases of wanton recklessness, not to use a harsher, but more just appellation, which appeared to surround the character of the society in which they were compelled to mingled. He regretted to find so few grains of pure honesty commingled with such a preponderance of chaff. He thought it a lamentable state of affairs, and could but regret the depravity of human nature.

"Those sentimental notions are all very well, Moss. It is quite clear to me that you have not had much experience of this wicked world of ours. It is quite true that for every honest man within these walls there are ten notorious scoundrels. But what of that; here you have an opportunity of noticing these delinquencies, but in the outer world, as I may say, the multitude is of so varied a character that you cannot recognise an honest man from a rogue; but be assured of this, that there is just the same proportion of successful scoundrels moving in good

society and enjoying the good things of this life, as you meet here: therefore you have only to consider this assembly as an epitome of the world, and you may form a pretty fair conclusion as to the whole. It is true there are many unchanged rascals roaming at large, fattening upon the spoils of the others—but remember they have swindled successfully, and are therefore above suspicion. But if another Asmodeus were to peep down chimnies, and into the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms of the great ones of the earth, the conclusion which must follow would be of a startling description. Therefore do not bear too harshly upon this little fraternity, but compare them with the whole, and perhaps you will be convinced that all is not gold that glitters, and that all is not honesty which bears the stamp of respectability. There! you have my opinion of this place in particular, and of the world in general.

"You desire to know who that smart gentleman is. Well, sir, his name is T——, and another attorney added to the long list we have here. Like many professional men who have too much confidence placed in them, he took advantage of that position, and committed an act for which the word fraud is a mild term, and had it not been for the interference of his relations, his sojourn would have been in a different locality. The simple facts are these. He was entrusted with certain deeds of some value, and, wishing to assume the appearance of wealth, but having no available means, he deposited those deeds at a joint-stock bank, with the understanding that his cheques would be honoured to the extent of £250. Time rolled on, and the person to whom the deeds belonged, wished to inspect some clause in them. Application was made to this man, who shuffled off this demand for some time; but at length it became imperative that the deeds should be produced, for the owner was not only a wealthy man, but a good client. So our attorney went to

the bank, and, under some plausible pretext or other, obtained the *loan* of them, promising to return them in the course of that day. He was then in a position to satisfy his client as to their safe custody. The inspection was soon made, and the deeds again left in the possession of this man. Now, had he honestly returned them to his bankers, nothing further would have been thought of the matter; but, instead of this, he took those very deeds to *another* joint-stock bank, and opened an account on this security! You must admit that this was sharp practice. The first bank became alarmed—threatened criminal proceedings, which were, however, stayed by his relations becoming security for the amount. But his *own father*, a man in good position, was so scandalised at the proceedings, that he induced the bankers to place him where you now see him. No doubt he has suffered severely, for while here his only child died, and his wife is not expected to survive. If you observe him closely, you will find him frequently pacing the yard alone and in tears."

Mr. Moss acknowledged that he began to look upon the world very differently to what he used to do. He was almost sorry his eyes had been so fearfully expanded, and he was afraid that when he was restored to liberty, he should look upon every man with suspicion.

A little anecdote here may not be uninteresting, as showing how extensively this place and one individual were known. A gentleman who had the misfortune to be an inmate, was travelling on one of the Italian railroads, and had occasion to open his pocket-book for the purpose of showing his ticket, when out of one of the pockets, some small pieces of paper, about two inches square, fell upon the platform. The station-master very politely stooped to pick them up, and immediately recognised the handwriting of Mr. Glass, a gentleman whom we have before introduced into this narrative as presiding over the receiving ward.

The station-master very good humouredly inquired how Mr. Glass was in health? It must be observed that the *name* was not attached to the little tickets, so that our present station-master must have passed through the hands of that worthy gentleman at some time or other; indeed, he confessed as much. The traveller was taken aback at first, but took the incident in good part, and satisfied the good-natured inquiry. It may be necessary to explain, that every morning Mr. Glass hands to each individual under his control one of those documents, indicating the charges made for the provisions of the previous day; so our traveller had forgotten to destroy this evidence. Hence the discovery that he had been a guest at the hospitable table of Mr. Glass.

Apropos of Mr. Glass's ward: here is, or was, to be seen, a tall, good-looking young fellow, who was in some remote degree connected with the great failure in the leather trade, which caused so great a consternation two or three years ago. He was one of the puppets kept in in play with the wires of accommodation-bills, so unscrupulously, but extensively circulated to sustain the credit of an insolvent business of great magnitude. Of his share in that business he is silent; although on all others he is particularly loquacious. His surname is known only to the authorities, but he answers to the name of "Bill" on all occasions. He is Mr. Glass's butler and factotum, exercising a supervision over the good things provided for the sustenance of those constrained visitors who frequent this habitation.

This young fellow's facetiousness was quite a relief to the mind of many a melancholy individual on their first introduction. He pretends to a great deal of sympathy, giving his unasked advice with a seeming kindness, difficult to explain, until, by some sally of wit or humour, he has bewildered his hearer, and winds up by saying he will lend them the 'Camera-Obscura Act,' which solves all their difficul-

ties, and assists in their deliverance! All this is said with the greatest demureness, and apparent concern; when away he runs, chuckling at the success of his wit. Withal he is a good-tempered, obliging young fellow, and as full of tricks as a monkey.

The huge American, often herein named, ran in from the yard, laughing boisterously, and pointing to a dandified figure crossing into the ward: "Thunder!" said he, "here is a heavy swell!" All eyes were turned upon the advancing individual indicated; and, sure enough, he was an exquisite in dress, if not in manners. Without noticing any one, in a drawling tone, not addressing anyone in particular, he asked, "which of the individuals present was what they called the chairman?" Everyone looked with astonishment and indignation at this gratuitous piece of insolence, but there was no response. The inquiry was repeated in a more authoritative tone. No reply. "Ah!" he said; "I have come to the wrong room—or is this a deaf and dumb asylum? Is there no living servant here, nor page, groom, or squire? Upon my sacred honour, I am placed amongst a confounded gang of lunatics; but they certainly appear harmless—poor fellows, how I pity them!" During this time, he was walking up and down the ward, with an air of grandeur and self-satisfaction. One obsequious individual, by no means thin-skinned, went forward to relieve the young man in his unpleasant situation; this individual approached and asked "if he could assist him in anything?" The exquisite, placing a glass in his right eye, looked at the man—surveyed him from top to toe—and drawled out, "Are—you—what—people—call—the chairman?" The answer was "No, but—" He was interrupted by the other saying coolly, "Then I have no business with you." "But you might be civil, however," returned the other, looking contemptuously at the new-comer, whom we shall call Count Capoloski. "Civil, said you: upon my soul,

I think you are all the most uncivil set of dumb waiters it was ever my lot to behold!"

The Yankee's blood was aroused by this time, and he stalked up to the "*shingled bodied*" object, as he called him, and inquired what he meant by calling gentlemen better than himself "dumb waiters?"

"With the glass still in his eye, the Count merely inquired, "Pray are *you* the—the chairman? 'You are not!' then, I hold no conversation with you."

"D—your conversation and you too, you stuck-up jackanapes," said the American.

"Oh Marie!" drawled out the dandy, "what a set of Goths I have encountered! I am like the man in a book I once read, fallen among thieves."

This was too much; a thunder of imprecations intermingled with boisterous laughter, rather astonished the exquisite, who stared with utter amazement at the deafening shouts, and coolly observed, in pitying accents, "What a dreadful punishment to be cast among a company of raving madmen! I must get out of this horrid den, or I shall soon become as mad as any of them." He was moving towards the door, when he was confronted by the chairman whom he had so long sought, who said, "I understand you have inquired for me." The glass was in the eye in a moment, taking careful measure of his *vis-a-vis*; he then said, "Then *you*—*you are* the chairman, at last."

"Yes, I am the chairman."

"Very well, then," he continued; "let me advise you to attend to your duties more punctually, and not keep a gentleman waiting among a parcel of lunatics. Let me advise you, that is if you value your present situation, instantly to obey the behests of a gentleman—a nobleman!"

"What the devil do you mean, sir, by addressing me in that impertinent style?" said the chairman, pale with anger.

"My good man," returned the Count, "I am sorry—very sorry for

you—you certainly are the most uncouth individual I ever spoke to. Really, my good fellow, if, as I said before, you value your situation, keep a civil tongue in your head, or else I must have you removed from your berth—I must, indeed."

Every one began to think they had a lunatic companion in the Count himself. This was intimated to the chairman in a whisper; he fell into the same mistake, and thought it more prudent to humour than to anger one so unhappily circumstanced; therefore, altering his tone, he inquired what the gentleman required of him?"

"There," said the Count, "I have taught you good manners in a very short time, that is the proper way of addressing a gentleman; we begin to understand each other already. Well, then, I am told you provide the luxuries and necessities required for the sustenance of the body corporate—but, I forget, you do not understand such language, I will therefore descend and express myself in plainer phraseology corresponding to your capacity. In other words, you provide the victualling department in this horrid den. 'No, you do not;' well, I suppose you know who does, and I will have you give that individual, whoever he may be, my positive orders that he do not on any account place a steel fork within my sight. Everything at *my* table must be of silver—none of your make-believe German rubbish—the real, pure silver spoons, forks, fish slice, butter knife, &c., &c. [Here a loud titter rather disconcerted him and his grave instructions, but after looking round with supreme contempt, he proceeded.] I am accustomed to the refinements of life, and cannot exist where those refinements are neglected. I am no epicure—all I desire at dinner is a little ox-tail soup, a fried sole, and a delicately cooked veal cutlet, with a slice of real Yorkshire ham, &c., the usual *entrees*. [The chairman remarked, *sotto voce*, "Mad as a March hare!"] I take very little wine at my dinner, just two glasses

of Duff Gordon's golden sherry, or Madeira after fish, and one magnum of claret after all. You see, I am a very moderate man, and I expect you, as you value your place, to see that I am well waited on, and that the cooking is *à la Soyer*. I dine at 7. Now, these are all my present orders, and I expect them to be carried out carefully and punctually." Upon concluding, he sauntered into the yard with the greatest possible dignity.

It was agreed on all hands that the man was mad; but they were never more mistaken. There was a great deal of method in his madness. Confinement in a prison was no new thing to him; but as he had so successfully carried a high hand in the outer world, he was merely trying the experiment in a lesser sphere.

It was quite certain that his imperious wishes would not be complied with; and when the ordinary dinner was on the table it was announced to him in due course. Upon receiving this intimation, he took out a splendid gold repeater, and said, "I cannot take dinner at this early hour; I gave orders for 7 o'clock, and I must have it at that hour, or not at all."

"Well," said the messenger, "you will have to go without a dinner, for none other will be provided. So you may take your choice." And he retraced his steps to report progress.

As he was going, the *soi-disant* Count exclaimed, in true theatrical style, "Unmannerly slave!" and continued his parade.

During this time, Captain L—, who was absent at dinner with Mr. Glass, made his appearance; and every one was eager to introduce the subject of the Count's insolence, knowing full well that the captain had the power of reducing this upstart to the just level of his pretensions.

"What did you say was the name of this individual?" inquired Captain L—.

"He calls himself Count Capoloski," replied several voices;

"see, he is pacing the yard." The captain turned to look at the man, and then burst into a fit of immoderate laughter, exclaiming, "He is as much a count as I am a captain. I know the imposter well. Now, if you will all keep your counsel, I will take him down a peg or two, and we shall have some fun. It is a year or two since we met, and having for certain reasons allowed my face to assume the Esau fashion, he will not easily recognise me.

Good sport was anticipated by the *rencontre* of these two individuals, and every one was in high glee at the castigation he was sure to obtain from the indomitable captain. In furtherance of this plan, L—— walked leisurely into the yard, with a short black pipe in his mouth; purposely crossing the count's path he took a most impertinent look at his victim. No notice was taken; each walking in opposite directions. Again they crossed each other; but now the count—glass in eye, as usual—returned the gaze of the captain, standing still for a few minutes to complete his survey. As if unconscious of this minute examination of his person, the captain continued his walk until they crossed again, by which time the captain had made up his mind as to the method of attack, which he commenced by addressing the count:—"Old fellow, won't you have a smoke?" The count cast upon him a withering glance of contemptuous indifference, without answering his request. Nothing abashed, the attack was followed up by the captain remarking, "Oh, you are sulky proud, are you? very good, old fellow! This certainly is not a very agreeable place for the sojourn of a foreign nobleman, but you see *we*—for I have the honour to belong to a noble Polish family—must put up with the inconveniences of the cursed law of England, said to be the only free country in the world, and yet, in direct violation of that boasted argument, has the cruelty to incarcerate two gentlemen of noble

descent, because they happen to be temporarily without the necessary resources to satisfy the perfidious and extortionate demands of this vile nation of shopkeepers, as the great Napoleon properly designated them. *Parlez vous Français, Monsieur le Comté?* 'No?' that is a pity. I am astonished; for most noblemen of our devoted country speak that beautiful language."

It must be observed that the Count had relaxed a little, and stood eyeing his opponent with suspicion and uneasiness. He frequently turned colour, and seemed desirous to shake off his companion, whose inquiries might become unpleasant, if not dangerous.

"Excuse me," said the Captain, "but you appear very uneasy and disconsolate; therefore I assume you have never been in such a very disagreeable place before. 'You have not!' then I must express my commiseration for a nobleman so miserably situated. But come, cheer up, times will change—our liberty be regained, and *then* we must fly to the rescue of our beloved country, and chase the tyrant Czar from our dominions!"

All this rhapsody was lost upon the hearer; he never knew anything about the politics of the world, and he did not know how to reply to his companion, without betraying his assumed character. Longing for an opportunity to change the subject, he allowed himself to relax the rigidity of his dignity, and to inquire, "Whom have I the honour of knowing?"

"Why, you see," replied L, "I have sunk *my* title of nobility since coming into this den, and am only known as Captain L—— of Her Britannic Majesty's dragoons. But as you are a countryman, I may without fear of betrayal, inform you that I am Count Flemnigsteri, a very noble and ancient family, which, doubtless, you must have heard spoken of as honourable and distinguished. But, pray, do not let this information escape your lips, otherwise we shall both be set down and considered what these prudish English people call

swindlers! Rather unpleasant, would it not be?"

The Count's face turned every hue but the honest one; he could not assume a composure which it was impossible to conceal, and with all his audacious impudence he shook with apprehension. At length he assured his new friend that he would preserve inviolable secrecy upon that point, and concluded by saying, he was sorry he had not the precaution to conceal *his* rank and title.

"There you were wrong, very," said his companion, with the greatest gravity, "I can only tell you that now they are aware of your rank, the harpies of this place will not only have every shilling you possess—such is their rapacity—but when they have thus fleeced you, they will have no hesitation in drawing every tooth in your head, and skinning you afterwards, if their cormorant demands are not satisfied. I must, however, endeavour to take you under my protection, and then I should like to see the man who would dare attempt any imposition on *my* friend, and that friend a Polish nobleman!"

The Count, greatly subdued, thanked this new acquaintance for the interest he took in his behalf, and said, "I am afraid I have committed myself to a great extent. You can readily understand how a man in my position must feel at being thus thrust into such a company as one meets here. Goaded by the tyranny of a man in whom I placed the greatest reliance, by placing me in confinement, I thoughtlessly revenged my outraged feelings by a line of conduct I must regret after hearing your kind and generous explanations. I am afraid I have made this tag-rag-and-bobtail my enemies, by treating them cavalierly; but I could not help it, for my temperament is warm, and I expressed my disgust in no measured terms. I now feel that your influence and standing in this questionable society will relieve me in this embarrassing dilemma, and establish as much good feeling between us as is

consistent with my honour and dignity!"

A complaisant smile assured the count that his wishes should be complied with. "But," observed L—, "you must sink your title and dignity, as I have mine. These fellows don't understand distinctions or exclusiveness in a prison. With them it is 'hail fellow, well met!' therefore we must alter your patronymic to something less sounding. 'You will leave all to me,' you say; well, I will undertake to introduce you in such terms as will satisfy these very scrupulous gents. So now let us go in; they are all at tea, and a little quietness will give me an opportunity of elucidating your true position, and give you a name, which, I will assume, was really given you by your godfathers and godmothers." Placing his arm within that of the Count, they both entered the ward-room together. It was quite evident that L— had not failed in his mission, by the stifled laugh which *would* betray his triumph. Every eye was turned upon the twain; the count evincing a humility contrasting strangely with his former hauteur.

Having seated the Count opposite to himself, L— rose and said: "Mr. Chairman and gents, all,—I have great pleasure in introducing a new-comer, and I do hope you will bury in oblivion any false notion you have formed as to his identity and standing in society. I have it, fortunately, in my power to present, in *propria persona*, Mr. James Nesbit (*alias* Count Capoloski)."

The Count on hearing his true name pronounced, started in amazement, while a general laugh so confounded him that he was about to leave the room. He was, however, forcibly detained to hear the *dénouement*. L— continued: "I happen to have known this elevated individual for some years; and I have no doubt I shall be enabled to enlighten the obtuseness of his memory, when I inform you and himself, that our acquaintance was formed in Winchester Jail three or four years ago; in which, it is

hardly necessary to say, we were *not* indulged with silver forks or spoons at our meals; so that even the brilliant amalgamation called German silver would have been a luxury indeed!"

The Count made several attempts to bolt from this well-merited castigation, but was prevented by the American giant on one side, and an equally stalwart individual on the other side.

L—proceeded: "No doubt you are curious to know upon what suspicion we were both confined: well, I have no objection to enlighten your minds as to my own case, and I hope my aristocratic friend and noble comrade will not object to my elucidating his ability in a certain line of dealing, which ill-natured people are pleased to term *swindling*. Yes, that is the precise term, and upon this suspicion—mind, only *suspicion*—we were both tried. I had the good fortune—or, rather, I should say, good counsel enough—to be acquitted; while my poor friend was doomed to twelve months' incarceration, with the healthy recreation of hard labour and the treadmill! You must not conceive that it was a *joint* affair—I never make a joint-stock of my ability; although I am well aware that there are many such in the good City of London, which ought to be registered as joint-stock swindling *unlimited*. No, we worked distinctly and separately—in fact, I had not then made the acquaintance of my noble friend. You all know the delicacy of my feelings, and you also know I respect the feelings of others, unless, indeed, I am driven to the extremely disagreeable alternative of retaliating upon impudent assumption and petty malice. Now, had my aristocratic comrade conducted himself with common sense and prudence—had he reconciled himself to circumstances, and appeared before you as James Nesbit, an unfortunate man, neither you, gents, nor I, would for one moment have refreshed his memory by any allusion to his antecedents. (Hear, hear.) That being admitted,

I have only further to observe, that if ever my noble friend dined at any establishment where silver was the rule, and not the exception, I am perfectly well convinced that there were lynx-eyed servitors who carefully guarded the custody thereof." (Loud laughter.)

"And now, Mr. James Nesbit," continued L—, "you have received what you richly deserve, and I should seriously advise you to take your noble person to the county side of this establishment; for here you will not, cannot be tolerated. And further, never apply such epithets as tag-rag-and-bobtail to men so immeasurably above you in capacity, honour, and station as to cast you into the shade of all civilised society. There, sir, take that to your pipe and smoke it." (This was a favourite sentence with L—, when he thought he had said a good thing.)

As soon as this harangue was finished, the indignation of the company had arisen to such a pitch as called for the intercession of the authorities, who carried the unhappy man, *vi et armis*, from the scene of his humiliation, and lodged him in another part of the prison, where his assumed title was for ever cast into oblivion, and his nobility sustained by the charity of the City.

The kind and gentlemanly bearing of our friend Moss, rendered him a great favourite; his feeling heart had unobtrusively administered consolation and comfort to the melancholy forebodings of many a desponding mind. With him were deposited the regrets and sorrows—the sufferings endured by those without the walls—the miserable and wretched wife surrounded by starving children—the desolated home, without one particle of bed or clothing—the fireless grate—the empty cupboard—the bag-full of pawn-tickets for sums as low as sixpence,—all these, and more than we can trust ourselves to enumerate, told the hapless tale of entire destitution, while he who should have been toiling manfully and cheerfully in his vocation, was

pinning away a life of weariness and misery in idle vacuity. Those are the persons who ought to receive immediate relief, not by putting it out of their power to help themselves by industry, but by a merciful enactment rendering their persons sacred, while their earnings, if more than sufficient for the necessities of their families, might be so apportioned as to appease the creditor, leaving the father the chance of redeeming his honesty, and by continued exertion maintaining a position among his fellow-men.

The reader must not understand that the episodes we have given are purely fiction or imagination; neither must it be assumed that we have overdrawn the pictures we have endeavoured to delineate: it is a mere selection of unprincipled persons who can claim neither commiseration nor pity. It would be the refinement of cruelty were we to introduce those individuals whose misfortunes and sufferings demand a sympathy rather than scorn and ridicule. It would be a heavenly act if some, whose fortune and powerful influence are guarantee for their philanthropy and charity, were to visit this scene, where penury and honesty are compelled to associate with profligacy and vice—evils of themselves so contaminating, as to demand a strength of mind and character to revisit—and select the really deserving, and remove them at once from a sphere demoralising and dangerous.

Colonel Desperate and Moss were listlessly sauntering in the yard when the latter, pointing to a monster of a man inquired who he was. "You mean that portly fellow with the long clay-pipe sticking out of his pocket?" "Yes," well he is, or was, a clergyman of the Church of England; and I may add a disgrace to it. It is enough to know that he associates with that beastly old barrister whose history I have already told you. They are sworn friends, and I am ashamed to say the parson beats the barrister by long odds in disgusting and filthy details! A more

artful and designing scoundrel never entered a pulpit. He has been detected pilfering from the offerings made at the communion-table, sifting, as he styles it, the donation boxes; and levying contributions upon the charitably disposed, and putting the proceeds carefully in his own pocket. I say he has been detected, but there, perhaps, I am wrong—he was suspected under such glaring circumstances that he was compelled to leave his parish, and appoint a curate to officiate in his stead. His delinquencies were communicated to the bishop of the diocese who in turn demanded proofs. Unhappily there was no one bold enough to put himself under the tender and expensive mercies of the ecclesiastical courts, and without such proofs the bishop felt himself powerless to act. However, the representations made to his lordship induced him to reprimand the man, cautioning him as to his future conduct. Upon receiving this communication, Mr. Paunch, I shall call him, treated the matter with perfect indifference, commending the bishop to a place somewhat too warm for a comfortable residence, and thrust the letter of his lordship into the fire.

"He is completely callous, devoid of every moral sentiment, laughing at his gallantries, as he calls them, and glorying in his shame. His creditors were about sequestrating his living, and would have done so, had not a woman of fortune, and a lady of title to boot, come forward to stop that intention. In his own words he says: 'One—mark you, *one*—of my ladies of considerable latitude in morality, but a devout church-going woman withal, has made an offer to my rascally creditors which they will be fools to reject: she is ready to stump up the rowdy as soon as they have made up their minds to receive it, and I am constrained to pay her by my affectionate attentions.' There, my friend Moss, what think you of such language and sentiments coming from a clergyman?"

"Fortunately he is not married, for no woman even of common feeling could tolerate a wretch who desecrates his sacred office and profanes that name we are all bound to reverence and love.

"He is visited here by a woman, not the titled one, who liberally supplies his wants, and who is continually urging him to get out of this place. It appears to me she is labouring under the delusion of misplaced affection, for he is the father of a beautiful little girl, the offspring of an illicit connection formed thirteen years ago, and carried on to this day.

"When this poor, deluded, credulous creature leaves him in a paroxysm of grief, the brute laughs among this thoughtless throng, and declares he cannot help the woman loving him. 'The fact is,' he will say, 'I was born to be loved; and I can only account for it by my bump of amativeness being so largely developed.' Now I think you have had enough for one night's reflection."

The following morning a fresh batch was drafted into the ward rooms, and a very motley lot they were. The usual preliminaries were gone through, and the usual monotony succeeded. Colonel Desperate and Moss took their morning stroll, when the former remarked: "One of those persons who have just arrived is remarkable in his way. I mean the stoutest, with the wide-awake hat; his name is H—, and for years he has been dabbling in mines, which to my thinking greatly resembles the lottery of bygone days, or, I may assimilate them more properly to the Stock Exchange. Fortunes are made to-day, to-morrow they have dwindled into air. I have known this man for a length of time, and I am sure no one has felt the vicissitudes of life more than he. I have known him moving in first-class society, living in a style of refined elegance, and keeping his carriage. The worst of it is, he does not know how to let well alone; and squanders as much money upon frivolity as would keep

him in respectability for the rest of his life. I never heard anything derogatory to his character till very lately; when his fortune became desperate, and his necessities became imperative. As usual he got possession of a coal mine in Dean Forest, which he represented as the Eldorado of England, he wished to sell or obtain a loan upon it, and had so far succeeded as to induce some gentlemen to go down to inspect and examine the mineral products, which were represented as equal to Newcastle coal. He did not expect they would do so, so he was disappointed; but his fertile imagination soon presented a remedy. Two days before the time appointed, he ran down and caused two tons of the very best coal to be shot into an excavation intended for sinking the shaft; this done, every vestige was cleared from the mouth, and two labourers placed at hand, ready to descend when the intended mortgagees should arrive. Those gentlemen and H— started by train, discussing the advantages of the proposed speculation, and seeming in high spirits as to the result; and none more joyous than our new companion. He had a plan of the whole, showing the different strata, and there seemed to be seams of coal preponderating. In due time they arrived at their destination—the men were sent down about thirty feet, with pick and shovel, to excavate sufficient for a good sample. Not to give a chance away, the two gentlemen remained at the mouth of the pit in anxious expectation of their hopes being realised. The men were well tutored—worked themselves into a profuse perspiration, and, in about two hours, they announced the discovery of coal! A basket was lowered, filled and brought to the surface—the men, black as soot, declared they had never seen such a lode nor in such quantities; the seam was five feet thick, and extended they could not say how far!

"One of them observed that he and his companion, Jem Baker, had 'worked in the forest, men and

boys, for forty year, and *they* had never seen the like—ain't us, Jem?' Jem, of course, assented to this, and swore 'that it was a shame that the privileges of 'free miners' was continually poached upon by gents as has got money.'

"To make security doubly sure, H—— ordered a fire to be made, that they might test the bituminous quality of the coal. This was speedily done, and you may anticipate the result. Our friend was exuberant, his friends delighted with their speculation; and they discussed the matter over a good dinner at the neighbouring village, and arrangements were made for the money to be paid on their arrival in town. You may be sure the wine-cup did especial duty, while Fortune held out her hand and beckoned them forward.

"The two men above alluded to were also regaled, at the same time, to their hearts' content: during the repast they shrewdly began to think that *they* ought to participate in the fraud so artfully contrived and successfully practised; and their arguments may be gleaned by listening to their conversation. It was *Jem* who spoke, — 'Well, Ned, I shall not take less nor ten pound for my share in this plunder.' 'Nor I, neither,' was Ned's reply; 'but s'pose he won't give it?' inquired Ned. 'Then I'll split, by —! and he shan't get *his* swag.'

"During this conversation our companion H—— was making arrangements for the departure of the party; and while the others were paying the tavern bill, H—— stepped out, and, as *he* thought, paid these men handsomely by handing each a sovereign.

"'What's this for?' growled Ned. 'For the trouble you have had—and a good day's work, too, I should think,' was the reply. Ned, as spokesman, said, 'that won't do for we; we wants, and will have, a *tenner* a-piece, and not a — farden less!' They had carefully pocketed the sovereign. Poor H—— was astonished to think that these 'free miners' should be so

extortionate. Mind you, *he* had no conscientious scruples—he did not feel that a gigantic fraud was contemplated, and that *he* would receive the lion's share; not he. However, submit he must, or the bubble would burst. It happened that he did not possess so much money, never once thinking that such a trap could have been laid for him. Therefore, he must fain temporise with these dogged fellows, which he did, by saying, 'Very well, I will send you P.O.O.'s from London for the amount, for I have not got so much about me.'

"'No, that won't do for we; the *blunt* down: we don't part company else; the other gents have got the *sugar*, and we must and will have it from one or 'tother—so come along Ned.' A's, H—— was at his wit's end. He tried to borrow the money of his friends: to pay for a piece of machinery, he said. *They* never travelled with more money than was necessary—would a cheque do? Yes, that would do famously. This was soon drawn, and H—— in high glee sought the 'free miners' with his treasure. What was his mortification to find that the obstinate brutes would not receive it! Jim said, 'We don't know nothink about pieces of coloured paper'—but they did know the colour of a *suverin*, and nothing else would suit their book. His endeavours to persuade the fellows took so long a time, that his friends came to seek him. Hearing an altercation they hesitated, but could not help listening to the angry discussion going forward. Jim would not be pacified—he was half drunk, and taunted H—— about throwing down the coal to delude the gents. Ned and he were in the swindle, and would have their regulars, or else they'd split, confirming this resolution with oaths and language well-known and practised by 'free miners.' At length the landlord of the inn took upon himself to get the cheque cashed for Ned and Jem—the matter was settled, and H—— joined his friends as if nothing had occurred to ruffle his temper.

"Unknown to our companion the die had been cast, and his fate sealed.

"The journey home was not quite so pleasant or agreeable as might have been expected; there was a certain taciturnity of peculiar omen which did not satisfy H—. The three parted at the London terminus, with an intimation that H— would hear from them in the morning, which promise was faith-

fully fulfilled by a notification 'that they did not intend to be swindled out of their money.' The cheque was also stopped; so the 'free miners' only received the one sovereign each—which was every shilling H— could raise in the world. I had lost sight of him for a year or two, and at last find him here, where he has often been before."

TEMPORA MUTANTER.

I LOVED, and had a sweetheart once,
I deemed her strangely fair—
A blonde, with fascinating ways,
Blue eyes, and golden hair.

We played love's comedy again,
With smiles, and tears, and sighs;
And talked affectionately, in
The language of the eyes.

Of course we swore eternal truth,
And constancy for ever;
A love the wonder of the world,
That hardly death should sever.

Ah! well, love was not then, with me
A subject meet for banter;
I'm single still, she's Mrs. Gee,
O! *tempora mutanter!*

WM. E. A. AXON.

LANGUAGE.

OF modern sciences, and subjects of studious research, there is not one that has stronger claims upon our attention than that of Language. It is a science which concerns us all; for the materials of the study are the very words which we daily and hourly use; and in each word there may be laid up a hidden meaning, the investigation into which may reveal a whole storehouse of valuable information. Words have been elegantly described by Dr. French as *fossil poetry*; this description has been endorsed by public opinion, and Dr. French's admirable little book, "The Study of Words," has been a welcome handbook on the subject, and, being written in an easy, popular style, has done more to call public attention to this subject than a more elaborate treatise would have effected.

We speak from our own experience when we say how engrossing and interesting this subject becomes when once entered upon with zeal. We would now endeavour, by a few remarks and illustrations, to elucidate some of its more hidden treasures, and, by so doing, extend the taste for, and encourage further research into, the science.

A great obstacle to the promotion of the study of philology has undoubtedly arisen from a prejudice that it required, for a due investigation of it, a vast amount of learning, and an intimate knowledge of both ancient and modern languages. This obstacle only partially exists. In order to partake of, and thoroughly enjoy, a deep draught of the science of language, doubtless much learning is requisite; and an acquaintance also with the Eastern languages. And even in this case an elementary knowledge of the grammatical form and construction of these languages is all that is really essential, or that can, generally speaking, be attained. But a first draught, sufficient to satisfy the desires of

an average student, may be acquired with the previous possession of only a moderate amount of learning. With a grammatical knowledge of Greek, Latin, German, and French (or with a more perfect knowledge of any one of these languages), aided by a syllabus of the Saxon and Norse languages, a very satisfactory knowledge of the intricacies and depths of our own language, and of the derivation of a greater portion of its words, may be obtained.

No study will sooner grow into a pleasant habit than this; and every additional acquirement in it will most surely add a zest for more. To use the figure above alluded to, a first draught will inspire a thirst for a second, and each successive sip will, instead of quenching the desire, give greater and more ardent longings for a fuller and more satisfying draught.*

To give one instance from Dr. French's book, of the long train of thought which may be evolved in the exploration of a single word, we will take the familiar word "kind," and quote at length his remarks upon it:—

"Let us a little consider the word 'kind.' We speak of a 'kind' person, and we speak of man-'kind'; and, perhaps, if we think about the matter at all, we seem to ourselves to be using quite different words, or the same word in senses quite unconnected. But they are connected, and that by closest bonds. A 'kind' person is a 'kindred' person, one of kin; one who acknowledges and acts upon his kinship with other men; confesses that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love. And so mankind is man-kindred. In the word is contained a declaration of the relationship

* St. Augustine, in speaking of the Holy Scriptures as the Water of Life, observed that it has its *first* draughts, its *second* draughts, and also its *third* draughts. From this we borrow the same thought, as applied to the study of language.

which exists between all the members of the human family; and, seeing that this relationship in a race now scattered so widely, and divided so far asunder, can only be through a common head, we do, in fact, every time that we use the word 'mankind,' declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man. And, beautiful before, how much more beautiful now do the words 'kind' and 'kindness' appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow; that they are the acknowledgment in loving deeds of our kinship with our brethren; and how profitable to keep in mind that a lively recognition of the bonds of blood, whether of those closer ones which unite us to that whom by best right we term our family, or those wider ones which knit us to the whole human family, that this is the true source out of which all genuine love and affection must spring; for so much is affirmed in our daily, hourly use of the word."

We may surely learn from such-like instances that in this newly-opened mine of scientific inquiry much valuable information is to be obtained, and that new facts and suggestive thoughts may be realised is nowise inferior to the most startling discoveries of the present century. If rightly used, it is also a great help, we might almost say an indispensable help, to the better understanding of general literature, and especially of the Bible. In this respect, its study derives an importance superior to that of any other science—it is a handmaid, viz.: to the acquirement of heavenly wisdom. This is, in fact, really necessary in order to obtain a full acquaintance with the treasures of that wisdom, "the merchandise of which is better than the merchandise of gold," and to the proper understanding of that Book, whereby alone we can become wise unto salvation. Thus the very word "Bible" is in itself a mine of instruction. When we understand it as meaning "the book," we see the stamp of excellence which uni-

versal opinion has placed upon it; we so greatly reverence it as to need no further definition or distinction—it stands alone, and its worth is thus universally testified.

Let us now proceed to trace a few of our commonest words to their origin; dig them, as it were, from their fossil bed, and make them disclose their own previous history and transformation.

First, the word "gospel"—a word with which we are familiar from our childhood, but in the full import of which we cannot take so lively an interest, until we see the force of its derivative signification. By referring to Wycliffe's English Bible, we find that our modern word, "gospel," was originally "goddspell;" which we at once see is a literal translation of *evangelium*; or, "good news," "good tidings."

The word "priest" is another remarkable instance of the value of the knowledge of a direct derivation. In its present form, it is unintelligible; or might convey by analogy even a wrong meaning. But, when we see it in its original form of "presbyter," we immediately see the Greek "*presbuteros*,"—an elder. The false notion of a *sacrificing priest* is thus dispelled, and, from the frequent mention and use of the word in the New Testament, we are able to attach to it its right and definite meaning—viz.: one of the divers orders of ministers appointed in the Church from Apostolic times.

To take our next instance from the Romish Church. The feast of the "carnival" preceding Easter; the force of the word is comprehended at a glance, when we see in it the Latin words, "*Caro vale*;" whether those words mean, as generally interpreted, "Flesh farewell"—farewell, *i. e.*, during the rigours of Lent, to all meat, and to all carnal desires and appetites; or, as Dr. French has suggested, "Flesh, be strong," a summons, viz., to the Christian, to seek for and assume a superior strength of mind and soul, to sustain the rigours and austerities of the coming time.

Another important feature, which brings out very forcibly the necessity of a correct etymological knowledge of language, is observed in the use of synonyms. Strictly speaking, synonyms—*i. e.*, words with exactly the same identical meaning—are exceedingly rare, either in our own or any other language. The terms “synonym” and “synonymous” are therefore generally used, not as applied to words which bear exactly the same sense, but to words which have a generally received resemblance of meaning, accompanied, at the same time, with a slight partial difference. The resemblance is on the surface, the distinction is often of a recondite nature, and discloses itself only to the painstaking inquirer. On this account, we often hear in conversation, and see in much of the current literature of the day, a strange comparison in the usage of words—especially so in the adjective epithets of nouns. Thus, “sweet” and “beautiful” are often misplaced in an incorrect synonymous use of them. In speaking of a flower, we often hear, “what a *beautiful* scent!” and of a landscape, “what a *sweet* view!” instead of “a *sweet* scent,” and “a *beautiful* view,”—the words “sweet” and “beautiful” being only so far synonymous as meaning “exquisite,” in the one case, applied to the sense of smelling, in the other to that of sight. Similar instances might be enumerated *ad infinitum*, but it will best suffice our present purpose to quote from Dr. French’s book his remarks upon the apparent synonymous “genuine” and “authentic.”

“Sometimes words have no right at all to be considered synonyms, and yet are constantly used one for the other; having, in fact, more need than synonyms themselves to be discriminated. Thus, what confusion is often made between ‘genuine’ and ‘authentic.’ How very commonly they are incorrectly used. And yet the distinction is a very plain one. A ‘genuine’ work is one written by the author whose name it bears; an ‘authentic’ work

is one which relates truthfully the matters on which it treats. For example, the apocryphal ‘Gospel of St. Thomas’ is neither ‘genuine’ nor ‘authentic.’ It is not ‘genuine,’ for St. Thomas did not write it; it is not ‘authentic,’ for its contents are mainly fables and lies. The history of the Alexandrian War, which goes under Cæsar’s name, is not ‘genuine,’ for he did not write it; it is ‘authentic,’ being in the main, a truthful record of the events which it proposes to relate. Thiers’ ‘History of the French Empire,’ on the contrary, is ‘genuine,’ for he is certainly the author, but very far from ‘authentic:’ while Thucydides’ ‘History of the Peloponnesian War’ is both ‘authentic’ and ‘genuine.’”

We ought to bear in mind that there are, to a large class of English words, three distinct meanings. 1. The strict etymological meaning. 2. The metaphorical. 3. The present common usage. Thus we may easily distinguish these three distinctions in the word “voluble.” 1. Flowing water. 2. Applied to speech. 3. By usage, applied to a speaker; instead of its original meaning of “fluent,” it has come to signify mere “wordy” and “meaningless” speaking. Again, “tawdry,” of which Dr. French says merely that it is “a word of curious derivation.” We believe that the correct etymology of it is from “St. Audrey,” formerly a nunnery in Somersetshire, the nuns of which were celebrated for making a very fine lace. “St. Audrey” corrupted with “Tawdry” became then to signify any fine work of that description, and in process of time passed into its present usage of a mean or “shabby” finery. In some instances the meaning has been corrupted from a good to a bad sense, as in “tawdry,” “simple,” “villain,” and many others. In other instances the meaning has passed from bad to good, though words of this class are much more rarely met with—so much more prone is mankind to

deteriorate what is good, than to elevate what is previously bad. Of the latter class "humility" is an example — originally it meant "meanness of spirit," and by its etymology it would have a low and degrading meaning—in its present usage how far nobler a meaning do we assign to the Christian grace of "humility."

The surprising elasticity of language is evidenced if we take any ordinary English word, and tracing it back to its derivative, or root, as it is called, draw out the cognate words to which it has given rise. This is particularly exemplified in the word "respectable," from the stock of which, with its many branches and offshoots, a surprisingly long list of derivatives may be easily traced. It is of Latin origin, from the word "*respectare*," to look back. "Respectable" then really means one who deserves looking back upon, as worthy of admiration—not as an ignoble person or object to be passed by without notice. And so "to respect" means to treat as deserving regard. "Respective" and "respectively" are used in the same manner as signifying "special" or singly, because in looking back we single out a person or object for special observation. The various ramifications of this word are however so numerous, and are so well explained by Professor Max Muller, in his learned work on "The Science of Language," that we prefer quoting his words, although the extract is necessarily lengthy. After noticing the derivations just mentioned, he goes on to say:—

"The English *respite* is the Norman modification of *respectus*, the French *répit*. *Répit* meant, originally, looking back, reviewing the whole evidence. A criminal received so many days *ad respectum*, to re-examine the case. Afterwards it was said that the prisoner had received a respite; that is to say, had obtained a re-examination; and at last a verb was formed, and it was said a person had been respited.

"As *specere*, to see, with the

preposition *re*, came to mean *respect*, so with the preposition *de*, down, it forms the Latin *despicere*, meaning to look down, the English *despise*. The French *dépit* (old French *despit*) means no longer contempt, though it is the Latin *despectus*, but rather *anger*, vexation. *Le dépit* is, to be vexed, to fret. '*En dépit de lui*' is, originally, 'angry with him,' then, 'in spite of him;' and the English *spite*, *in spite of*, *spiteful*, are mere abbreviations of *despite*, *in despite of*, *despiteful*, and have nothing whatever to do with the spitting of cats.

"As *de* means down from above, so *sub* means up from below; and this, added to *specere*, to look, gives us *suspicer*, *suspiciari*, to look up, in the sense of to suspect; and from it *suspicion*, *suspicious*.

"As *circum* means round about, so *circumspect* means, of course, cautious, careful.

"With *in*, meaning into, *specere* forms *inspicere*, to inspect; hence *inspector*, *inspection*.

"With *ad*, towards, *specere* becomes *adspicere*, to look at a thing. Hence *adspectus*, the aspect, the look or appearance of things.

"So with *pro*, forward, *specere* becomes *prospicere*; and gave rise to such words as *prospectus*, as it were, a look-out, and prospective, &c.

"With *con*, with, *specere* forms *conspicere*, to see together, *conspicere*, *conspicuous*.

"With *ex*, out, and the Latin form *spectare*, we have *expectare*, to expect, to look out; with its derivatives.

"'Auspicious' is another word which contains one root as the second of its component elements. The Latin *auspiciu* stands for *avispicium*, and meant the looking-out for certain birds which were considered to be of good or bad omen to the success of any public or private act. Hence *auspicious* in the sense of lucky.

"*Harn-spex* was the name given to a person who foretold the future from the inspection of the entrails of animals.

"Again, from *specere*, *speculum* was formed, in the sense of looking-glass, or any other means of looking at oneself; and from it *speculari*, the English *to speculate*, *speculative*, &c.

"One of the most prolific branches of the same root is the Latin *species*. It was used as the literal translation of the Greek *eidos*, as opposed to *genos*, or *genus*. The Greeks classified things originally according to *kind* and *form*, and though these terms were afterwards technically defined by Aristotle, their etymological meaning is in reality the most appropriate. Things may be classified either because they are of the same *genus* or *kind*—that is to say, because they had the same origin; this gives us a genealogical classification; or they can be classified because they have the same appearance, *eidos*, or *form*, without claiming for them a common origin; and this gives us a morphological classification. It was, however, in the Aristotelian, and not in its etymological sense, that the Greek *eidos* was rendered in Latin by *species*, meaning the subdivision of a genus, the class of a family. Hence the French *espèce*, a kind; the English *special*, in the sense of particular as opposed to general."

After some further remarks, and including as derivatives from the same root the French *épicier*, and the English *spicy*—the deriva-

tive source of which is shown in a most interesting manner—the Professor concludes thus:—"If you try for a moment to trace *spicy*, or a *well-spiced* article, back to the simple root *specere*, to look, you will understand that marvellous power of language which out of a few simple elements has created a variety of names hardly surpassed by the unbounded variety of Nature herself."

We have said enough to commend this subject as one of the most interesting objects of inquiry that could be taken up by a student. It is also profitable in its results. It intensifies to a most unexpected extent our appreciation of good authorship; it opens, as it were, a new sense in understanding what we read; it enables us to write more correctly; it simplifies what is otherwise mysterious, and opens an easier access to a solution of that long *vexata questio*, the origin of language, which has so perplexed all investigators. It is most satisfactory to know that the present result of all inquiry, and the tendency of every fresh discovery, is to render plainer and plainer that in this respect, as in others, science properly explained confirms Biblical truth; and there need not be the least hesitation in receiving in its plainest interpretation, as an incontestable fact, the statement, "And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech."

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA:

A TALE OF LOVE, WAR, AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE DUTCH WAR FOR LIBERTY.

To give the reader some idea of the aspect of affairs at the period of Breiswald's joining the insurgents, and his subsequent adventures in their service, our time, perhaps, will be well employed in taking a brief review of the positions and hopes of both Royalist and Patriot; for which purpose we have availed ourselves of much valuable information contained in Watson's admirable History of the Reign of Philip II.

Frederick de Toledo was appointed to the command of a well-equipped army, with the view to blockade Haarlem; after the capture of which, the Spaniards trusted, the other chief towns of Holland would gladly return to their allegiance. The prowess of the Spanish army, however, was no less to be dreaded than the deep intrigues in which the Royalists were so successfully engaged. Either from a spirit of humanity, or, what is far more probable, with a view of effecting by fraud a task which force might with difficulty accomplish, Toledo had procured the Romanists of Amsterdam—a town distinguished for its devotion to the Spaniards—to remonstrate with the inhabitants of Haarlem on the inutility of any resistance to the royal forces. Some of the principal citizens, seduced by the wily appeals of the Spanish agents, had so far forgotten their duty to their adopted leader as to send deputies to the Spanish camp to make arrangements for the surrender of the town. Fortunately for the cause of liberty, the prudent Ripperda, to whom the Prince of Orange had committed the government of Haarlem, having received timely intimation of their intention, assembled the inhabitants, and in

manly and forcible language represented to them the folly of reposing any trust in their perfidious foes. Contrasting the fate of those brave men, who had gallantly maintained their towns in opposition to the regal authority, with the wretched catastrophe which befel the timid burghers who had submitted, he prevailed upon the townsmen to reject any overtures the Spanish or their treacherous neighbours might propose. From the importance of the place, the greatest skill of Toledo and Orange was called forth, the one in attacking, and the other in making preparations for the defence of the town. The better to enable him to superintend the arrangements for the raising of the siege, the Prince had left Delft, his previous quarters, and had taken up his residence among his many attached adherents at Leyden, which latter town was distant from Haarlem about fifteen miles.

Desirous of supplying the besieged with provisions and ammunition, one of the first acts of the Prince of Orange was to send a number of troops, amounting to nearly three thousand men, with an ample supply of all necessaries, trusting to elude the vigilance of the Spaniards, and mitigate the sufferings of the men of Haarlem during the blockade. Anxious to let pass no opportunity of distinguishing himself, our hero was, at his earnest request, suffered to join the small body of cavalry accompanying the expedition. Although he knew his brethren in arms to have a very slight acquaintance with discipline and military manœuvres, Breiswald imagined that the spirit which animated them would enable the little party to overcome any straggling body of

the enemy who might endeavour to harass their march. A short time sufficed to make all preparations, and, amidst the acclamations of the townsmen, the little band started on their enterprise.

A most unfortunate time, indeed, was it for any enterprise: the cold was most intense; and, in a land so subject to severe winters as Holland, the present was almost without an equal. Nothing daunted by the unpromising aspect of nature, the officers of the detachment contrived to maintain some appearance of order in the ranks of their followers. Whatever the young adventurer's opinion might be of the martial prowess of his brethren, he could not but applaud their indomitable perseverance. Whether this laudable spirit arose from the desire which animated them, of stealing a march over their wily antagonists, none of whom had hitherto presumed to impede their advance, or from an ardent wish to assist their neighbours, it is not for us to say. At any rate, they now trusted, the most dangerous part of their journey was past, and that they might reap the reward of their toil. Great, therefore, was their disappointment on hearing the fierce war-shout of "*España! España!*" and finding themselves attacked by a party of Spanish cavalry, supported by an overwhelming body of infantry, who, favoured by the falling snow, had advanced to the charge before the Patriots were aware of the extent of the danger. The onslaught of the cavaliers completely annihilated what little discipline the officers had preserved in the detachment. Those who had displayed such admirable resolution when exposed to the fury of the elements, were seized with a sudden panic at the presence of the enemy, and despite every effort to rally them, hurried from the field, leaving arms, provisions, and ammunition. Notwithstanding the ignominious flight of many of their number, there were some who thirsted to revenge the massacre of their countrymen at Naarden, and other

places of which the Spaniards had obtained possession. Those, unable to form any line sufficiently strong to withstand the onslaught of their impetuous foes, carried on a desultory hand-to-hand fight for some time; and no effort was wanting on the part of the little party of cavalry, and indeed of the officers generally, to retrieve the fortune of the day. To troops of so ardent a temperament as the Spaniards, the success of the first charge nearly always decided the engagement; for, mindful of their old reputation for valour and discipline, they seldom suffered the advantage to be wrested from them. Repeatedly had Breiswald and his companions attacked the Royalists, with as much vigour as the state of the ground, and the jaded condition of their horses, would permit; but the Spaniards, favoured by the weather and the superiority of their steeds and arms, bravely repulsed them. The chief strength of the hostile band, however, consisted in their pikemen, whose long weapons made immense havoc amongst the broken ranks of the insurgents. Our hero's charger had received a serious wound from one of these, and finding the gallant beast unable longer to bear him to the charge, Breiswald dismounted, and continued the combat on foot. In this situation his good broadsword was enabled to do much service amongst the excited foe. His own position and that of his gallant brethren in arms was now jeopardous in the extreme. The majority of the foot soldiers, of whom indeed the insurgent army was chiefly composed, had profited by the brave resistance of the cavalry to make good their own retreat; and this resolute body of heroes, with such of the others as scorned to fly, were surrounded by the Spaniards. Breiswald was personally engaged with some three or four of his own countrymen, who had espoused the opposite cause; and but for the assistance of a ritter of the guard, who marked his danger, he might never have lived to fight again: as it was a halbert had inflicted a severe wound

in the thigh, and he could lend but little help to the survivors of the Patriots, who were attempting to cut a retreat through the sea of enemies. At a considerable risk to himself, the ritter, to whose good services Breiswald was indebted for his life, mounted him behind himself, and, thus heavily laden, the noble steed which bore them succeeded in breaking through the Walloons and Germans who threatened their rear. The resistance of the advanced guard, although attended with almost complete destruction to themselves, was, in reality, the only means of saving the rear of the insurgent army, who effected a disorderly retreat to Leyden. The whole of the baggage of the Dutch army, including the stores which were so much needed at Haarlem, fell into the hands of the victors, who, elated with their success, resumed the blockade.

The loss to the vanquished was indeed heavy: more than a fifth of their number were left upon the field; and the failure of the enterprise was calculated to throw a gloom over the whole Patriot cause.

Breiswald's wound had become much inflamed by the fast motion of the horse, and faint and exhausted with the loss of blood, he could scarcely dismount. Great was the sympathy of the honest burghers for the brave youth who had battled so manfully for their cause; and many were the offers of every assistance which it lay in their power to afford. But the generous Naarveldt would surrender his helpless charge to none, stating that he was in a better position to provide all necessary delicacies for the wounded soldier than many of the kind-hearted townsmen. Severe as his wound was, the natural strength of his constitution, and the care of his attendants, enabled him, after a confinement which, to his active mind, seemed eternal, to leave his bedroom; but no persuasion could induce the indefatigable Alfrude to permit her charge to venture out of doors until milder weather. An unexpected visitor made his ap-

pearance—no other than our vivacious friend Hofman—who, the reader may remember, had persisted in his intention to visit the town of Haarlem. His apparel, though much neater than that in which Breiswald made his acquaintance, was still of a somewhat dubious character; but whatever changes his outer man might have undergone, fun and frolic still revelled in his clear grey eye. A hearty shake of the hand showed that his short absence had not rendered him unmindful of his former friend; and on hearing the narrow escape which Breiswald had met with, a tear nearly, very nearly, fell from the benevolent, yet eccentric Hofman. In reply to our hero's inquiries of the means by which he had contrived to obtain entrance into Haarlem, and an unmolested egress therefrom, Hofman began:—

"You must be aware, most valiant knight, that the will of man only acquires additional determination from the dangers of the enterprise he is about to undertake, and the arguments used to persuade him from it. Thus was it with the admirable specimen of nature's handy-work to whom you have the honour to listen. Pray do not wrong me by imagining that I reached Haarlem in my present attire! '*Quidquid solum forti patria;*' to prove my title to the appellation of a brave man, when among the Germans, I speak nothing but the purest Teutonic; with the Dutch, I converse only in their Anglo-Saxon dialect; to our English neighbours, I discourse in their version of the same dialect; the Portuguese, again, are favoured with as much of their Galician tongue as my habit of speaking German will permit me to adopt; lastly, for our Spanish friends, or foes, whichever you will, I reserve the purest Castilian. Of course, when it suits my purpose, I honour the patriotic whims of each of these several nations by donning their peculiar costume. Thus, you see, my unbounded philanthropy prompts me to drop all petty differences

in the ennobling character of a citizen of the world. This laudable desire of offending no man's prejudices induced me to equip myself in the martial garb of these Spanish cavaliers, during the time my road lay through districts subject to their mild rule. If possible, rather than shock the feelings of our Dutch friends, on once more coming in contact with them, I am only Mynheer Hofman, a devoted friend to patriotism and religious liberty, which, in the presence of the Spaniards and their Walloon allies, I lost no opportunity of maligning. This conduct, most noble Breiswald, inconsistent though it may seem to your bigoted views, is, in my humble opinion, a far better way of untethering the Gordian knot of difficulty than even cutting it with the sword, as the mad ardour of yon shallow-pated knight's-errant would suggest to you, and is, moreover, in exact accordance with the precept of 'being all things to all men.' Having thus, with the greatest modesty and conciseness, enlightened your understanding as to the theory of my habits, I will, with equal brevity, inform you that, for the first hour of my ride, in the whole of Holland no more devoted adherent of Holland could be found than your humble servant. Soon after, on beholding some who held different opinions, politeness rendered it necessary for me to concur in their views. A slight adjustment of my attire, so as to conceal whatever may be said to betoken disloyalty, and make the most of anything which may show my aversion to it, takes place; and so Mynheer Hofman becomes Don Frederick Hoffa, who, for loyalty to King Philip of Spain, and attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, can seldom be equalled, and never surpassed. In this way I reached Haarlem in safety, made what observations I considered necessary as to the numbers of the besieged and their means of defence, and finally took my leave, with the good wishes of everybody, to inform the Prince of Orange of

my remarks,—a resolution, I may do myself the justice to say, it is my full intention to act upon."

"And what may be the result of your wise observations, my philanthropic friend?" said Breiswald, unable to repress a smile at the garrulity of the laconic Hofman.

"Amongst other things which came under my notice," remarked Hofman, "I did not fail to mark a personage who appeared to be following a similar occupation to myself. I saw the same man repeatedly in Haarlem, as also in conversation with the Spanish officers outside the walls, and, from the direction he took on most occasions, I should not be surprised if he had been favouring you Leydeners with his company. I wonder by what means he induced the guard at Haarlem to let him pass?"

"You were, I suppose, in Haarlem," said Breiswald, "when the news of the failure of our expedition reached that place. Had you seen aught of the person you mention previously?"

"I saw nothing of him after that time; and my private impression is, that you are greatly indebted to the benevolence of this same individual, whoever he may be, for the ill success which attended your enterprise."

For some time Breiswald remained in deep thought as to who the person could be by whom the secret of their intentions had been thus betrayed to the enemy. It was evident that some system of espionage had been practised on their movements, and Hofman had seen nothing of the mysterious individual since that deplorable day. Might not the object of the spy be to bring evil on some particular person—perhaps himself? if otherwise, why had he so quickly discontinued his occupation?

The self-styled student was, however, in an unwontedly good temper, and he strove to impart a little of his joyousness to his companion by thus replying to his inquiries about the object of his visit.

"Be it known unto thee, that,

whatever respect you may bear for valour, I represent a principle which the proverb expressly informs us is greatly superior to it. I am none other than an itinerant impersonification of discretion. But, to drop these honied forms of speech, I may inform you that, as Briareus and others, claiming a sort of spiritual alias, possessed one name for use in the celestial regions on state occasions, and another to be employed in a less worthy capacity, so is it with me. When in my little heaven, I rejoice in the appellation of Godfrey, jester-in-chief to his Imperial Majesty Maximilian the Second. In this present instance, the emperor has been pleased to confer a lasting distinction on folly by appointing it to a post to which martial knights and sage counsellors are incompetent. Acting on the principle of employing one fool to watch another's movements, my imperial master has engaged me, the untitled fool, as private observer, on his behalf, of the proceedings of that prince of fools, Philip of Spain. I have now obtained all the information which lies in my power, derived both from Dutch and Spanish sources, and I trust the effect of my report may be the active co-operation of the emperor in the undertaking."

Words can scarcely express the astonishment of Breiswald on receiving this startling intelligence, and Hofman laughed in proportion.

"It takes two wise men to make a fool, my worthy friend; and should any one praise the wisdom of Philip of Spain in your absence, do me the honour of considering me the fortunate owner of at least twice the amount of sense with which bountiful Nature hath gifted him. I generally succeed in imposing on those whom I meet; but, you may have noticed, your Nassau Dutchman was rather too discerning, even for me. Nevertheless, it is likely that my representations will do him far more good than harm. But I am losing time—fare thee well! Remember that,

should difficulties assail you, you cannot do better than apply to so learned and able a counsellor as myself for advice and assistance. I promise you I will not lose sight of your interests."

Here Hofman, or Godfrey, rose to depart, but was induced to remain, in consequence of the appearance of a Reverend Divine, who had called to administer consolation to the mind of the invalid. His imitative genius here found a fit subject for mimicry, so that, with every show of respect, and under pretext of profiting by the pious exhortations of the zealous priest, he contrived to become an auditor. Master Malavox was a short man, of rather comfortable aspect. The excitement of the times had called him from comparative obscurity, and now, few of the impassioned orators who enlightened the world at large with their ideas could compete with Marcus Malavox in the earnestness of his harangues. If we mistake not, he had caught sight of Breiswald on the occasion of his first promenade of the streets of Leyden.

The main fault of both Romanists and Protestants, at the time of our tale—we speak, of course, of the more enlightened and tolerant of both parties—consisted in the ignorance of each of the views and tenets of the other. Papist and Calvinist presumed to criticise works and opinions espoused by the opposite party, without having previously taken the pains to ascertain the substance and truth of them. Romanists knew nothing of the works of Luther or Calvin, and but little of those of Erasmus, which, nevertheless (so far as they differed from their own ideas), they pronounced damnable and heretical; while Protestants enjoyed a blissful ignorance of the tenets of Origen, Chrysostom, and even the writings of Thomas Aquinas, which, notwithstanding, underwent discussion and criticism. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at if theological debates produced far more

variance and ill-will between the contending parties than that which formerly separated them.

"He who complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still."

And unless the inclination accompany conviction, little can be expected from a forced admission of any doctrine. Religious discord was one of the chief weaknesses of the Insurgents; and the politic, as well as tolerant, mind of the Prince of Orange could not effect a cordial union between them, much as would be the advantage to be derived from such a course. At the commencement of the arguments with which he plied the invalid, Malavox, though much in the dark as to many of the real facts of the case, acquitted himself very tolerably of his task. As he became aware of the superiority of his opponent, much of his wonted confidence forsook him; and to many of the points raised by Brieswald, particularly on the manner in which the Nonconformists got over the difficulty of taking upon themselves holy orders without any due consecration, the exercise of free will, and other particulars, the Dutchman was compelled, through ignorance, to a species of casuistry, commonly known as *petitio principii*.

Hofman being anxious to reach Vienna as quickly as possible, took leave of Breiswald, the good Naarveldt and his daughter, and repaired to the Prince to make his report; his last advice to Breiswald being, to live as retired as possible, lest he should have more observers of his conduct than he needed.

It was some time before the young soldier was declared convalescent by his fair physician; and thoughts, which in active warfare escaped his mind, during his long confinement took deep hold on him. He longed to see his friend Albrecht, and ascertain news from him of his lady-love, and of his friends at home. The position also of De Wenneke, and the gentle Alfrude, carried his recollections forcibly back to the object of his

affections; and sorely did he lament his inability to hold any communication with his absent friends. His anxiety was further increased by accounts of the appearance of the suspicious individual remarked by Hofman, who he thought must be Michael, or some other emissary of the Würmer's, in which case he dreaded the result of any falsehood they might think fit to frame, to deceive Bertha and accomplish Würmer's designs. Much as these anxieties retarded his recovery, Alfrude Naarveld, surmising that the indisposition lay more in the mind than the body, recommended a return to active duties as the only effectual remedy.

CHAPTER XV.

TOUCHING HOW THE COUNT SUCCEEDED IN SAVING THE LIFE OF A PRISONER, AND WHAT NEWS HE HAD FROM HOME.

PREVIOUS to Godfrey's departure homewards, he had amply fulfilled his promise of enlightening the Prince of Orange as to the progress of the Spaniards; and on our hero paying his respects to the Prince after his long illness, he heard great praise bestowed upon his acquaintance. It might have been his representations that induced the Dutch leader to make more strenuous endeavours to intercept convoys, and to adopt a more harassing warfare with the enemy. Much pains were taken with the cavalry, and great success attended their expeditions against straggling parties of the Spaniards. The main fault of the Patriots was, that they were too prone to act upon the principle *ab hoste doceri fas est*, and, forgetting that an unarmed enemy ceases to be one, to give but little mercy to their prisoners.

Breiswald had frequent opportunity of using his influence with his companions for the preservation of the life of some unhappy prisoner whom their vengeance had doomed to destruction. On one occasion, information having been obtained of a rich supply

of ammunition and provisions being forwarded to the besiegers of Haarlem, under the protection of a strong party consisting chiefly of Spanish and Walloon horse, every preparation was made for the interception of the convoy. What few cavalry were in readiness for action were despatched, each trooper carrying a foot-soldier behind him; and both Breiswald and De Wencke were amongst the number. Their intelligence proved correct; and scarcely had the arquebussiers prepared their weapons ere the approach of the Spanish was announced. A well-directed volley from the pieces of the Dutch infantry greeted the enemy, and, profiting by the confusion produced on their antagonists, a gallant charge was made by the ritters. Unexpected though the attack was, a short time sufficed to rally the Royalists from their first panic, and both cavalry and infantry fought with a valour worthy of their old reputation. While the horse were thus actively engaged, the infantry, who were under the immediate superintendence of De Wencke, emerged from their ambush, and made a vigorous attack on the rear of the enemy, which was chiefly composed of Walloon levies. Imagining that the whole army of the Insurgents was upon them, these troops made a precipitate flight from the field; and their example was not without some influence on the more resolute Spaniards, who ultimately made a retreat in tolerable order, abandoning their stores and money-chest to the victors. The loss on the part of the conquerors was inconsiderable; but the Royalists suffered severely from the first fire of the arquebussiers, and the subsequent attack of both horse and foot. Amongst the wounded was a Spanish officer, who (his charger having been slain) was left on the field. A party of the Dutch approached the spot where he lay, and having wrenched from his hand the sword with which he was attempting to defend himself, prepared to put him to death. Shocked

at such barbarity, Breiswald earnestly implored the bloodthirsty Hollanders to relinquish their design. One of the most brutal of them sullenly observed that, being a German, the mediator could never have witnessed the atrocities perpetrated by the Spaniards, which they were then preparing to avenge. The wounded officer thanked Breiswald, but begged him not to condescend to further expostulations with such unsoldier-like assassins. For his part, he added, he was at any time ready to meet a soldier's fate; and although he would have preferred a mortal blow at the hand of a gentleman in fair combat, it was not for him to choose the instruments or the manner of his death; he was at all times prepared to lay down his life for his king or his country. His only request was that Breiswald would testify that he did not dishonour his name and lineage by any unbecoming fear. These honourable sentiments rendered our hero the more resolved to save the noble young Spaniard. Having aroused De Wencke's sympathy, he at length had the pleasure of informing the wounded enemy that his life was no longer in danger. Nothing less than a considerable sum of money, however, would induce the captors to part with their interest in the prisoner.

"Think not," said the Spaniard, "that my contempt of death prevents my feelings of gratitude to the preserver of my life. Pedro de Valencia would be indeed unworthy of the name he bears were he to be capable of such baseness. For my own sake, I care but little for whatever may befall me. But," he continued, his intelligent countenance glowing with animation, "there is one who prompts me to live, and in whose name, as well as my own, I cordially thank you. Perhaps you have never felt the bliss of knowing that another takes more thought of your safety than yourself."

Touched by his prisoner's allusion, Breiswald could not deny that he had, in a great measure, par-

taken of the feelings mentioned by him.

"Then you can better sympathise with me," said Don Pedro, as, having given his parole to make no attempts to escape, he prepared to mount the steed which Breiswald, with chivalrous courtesy, insisted on his accepting.

The captive Don was regarded as an object of much interest by the burghers of Leyden; and great as was the prejudice existing against the Spaniards, few regretted that the life of so noble an enemy had been spared. Of course, the first duty of the victorious soldiers was to report their success to their superior officer, which they were not slow to do. The Prince praised the behaviour of each in no measured terms, and expressed himself particularly satisfied with Breiswald's conduct, especially his interference on behalf of Don Pedro. Both from natural inclination and policy, William was utterly averse to cruelty. He declared that, as our hero had purchased Don Pedro from his original captors, all benefit to be derived from the capture belonged to him; but, as commander-in-chief, he reserved to himself the consideration of the expediency of ransoming the prisoner, at least for the present. Perhaps, in making these stipulations, the Prince thought he might be able to procure the release of his eldest son, who was at that time in the hands of the Spaniards; or it is not improbable that his only desire was to convince the Spaniards that it lay in his power to retaliate any barbarities committed upon the Dutch captives. The captor, who trusted to be able to restore the young noble to liberty at no very distant period, had no objection to make to this arrangement; so, having received the most cordial proofs of his Prince's good-will, he took a respectful leave of him and retired. Don Pedro, having renewed his parole, was suffered to accompany him. On their way to the abode of the burgomaster, Peter Van der

Werf, the young Spaniard expressed the utmost astonishment at the noble conduct of the Prince, which, he observed, was utterly at variance with the character of him circulated by Philip's emissaries, who spared no pains to represent him as a bloodthirsty tyrant, giving no quarter to any one. Good Master der Werf readily undertook the capacity of host to the illustrious prisoner, and Breiswald repaired to the dwelling of Mynheer Naarveldt to assure him of his safety. Great was the joy of the patriotic citizen on hearing of the success which attended the expedition, and repeatedly did he insist on hearing every particular of the exploit.

In the evening, the young soldier, with whom every species of temporary excitement was attended with a corresponding depression of spirits, repaired to the ramparts of the town, to indulge the gloomy suggestions of his mind in quietness. So lost was he in reflections on the fate of her he loved, and the unscrupulous means likely to be practised by the relentless Würmer towards her, that he entirely lost sight of all the objects around him. How long this fit of abstraction might have lasted it is difficult to say, had it not been terminated in a somewhat abrupt manner. The promenade of the love-sick adventurer adjoined a wall in course of erection, and which had attained the height of nearly five feet, when, slowly pacing near this incomplete fortification, he was suddenly roused from his reverie by a noise, as if from the descent of a falling body. Turning his attention to the place, he became aware of the presence of a man, who must have leaped the wall. The stranger for the first time found his movements perceived, and, with ready courtesy, apologised to our hero for having caused such an intrusion upon his serenity. The shades of evening, which were now falling thick around, prevented Breiswald from seeing the features of the speaker, but the voice seemed familiar to

him. He, however, cautiously informed the stranger that his sudden appearance had in no wise disconcerted him, and offered, as he appeared to be unacquainted with the locality, to act as his guide. A hearty laugh was the first answer to this polite proposal; after which, in a rich, full voice, the unknown added: "As I live, a short absence works wondrous changes! I had thought the Count of Staelburg would have recognised his old friend Albrecht, even in Holland; but I suppose the thick fogs of this swampy country have rendered my noble friend less acute than formerly."

A warm pressure of the hand, and a volume of apologies, assured the bold outlaw that Breiswald's conduct was quite the result of accident.

"Was it not fortunate that I so quickly discovered you? Had I made a tour of the town, inquiring for you, it is probable, not only should I have failed in meeting with you under any *nom de guerre* you may adopt, but perhaps in the morning you might have had the pleasure of seeing your old acquaintance suspended by his neck from the battlements, with the honours of war, as a spy."

"I assure you," said Breiswald, "you were one of the last objects of my thoughts at the time when you made your appearance in such a startling manner. To tell you the truth, I was unable to prevent my mind rambling homewards, and great was my desire to ascertain some tidings of my absent friends."

"And their anxieties for your welfare are equally great. In fact, the chief object of my visit was to ascertain whether you were still in existence, for reports were industriously circulated that you had fallen in an engagement with the enemy. You may suppose what pain such a report produced on the lady Bertha."

"It is indeed a great comfort, Albrecht, that 'out of sight out of mind' is not always the case; but, pray, tell me by what means any such news reached you."

"Your friend's page, Karl, was the first person who told me aught of it; and from him I learnt that some warrior, returning from the Netherlands, had told the Baron of Würmer of the circumstance."

"That story seems to me somewhat improbable. In the first place, I hold him no true warrior who would consort with the Würmers. A man is known by the company he keeps, and the Baron of Würmer is not the associate a man of honour would choose. Moreover, I am inclined to think his information was derived from a very different source. An emissary of Würmer a renowned warrior! Pshaw!" And he laughed till the walls rang with his satirical mirth. "But I would fain know what effect the tale had upon the lady Bertha."

"What might be expected from her generous disposition," said Albrecht. "She answered her father, when he had informed her of it, that had any such evil befallen you, she had no doubt you died with your face to the foe, as a German noble should die; or otherwise, that you still lived to be an object of dread to your enemies. In the former case, she preferred to consider herself as the bride of the illustrious dead than the betrothed of one so lost to every sense of honour as Würmer; while, in the latter, she doubted not soon to hear good tidings of you. In either case, she persisted in her refusal to receive any addresses from your rival."

"Admirable girl! Much do I fear that her constancy may expose her to danger."

"So you would indeed say, were I to inform you of Würmer's last proposal," replied the outlaw.

"The wretch! what had he the audacity to suggest?"

"Be more composed, and you shall know all. Finding, as I have understood, that nothing he could urge would induce Bertha to accept his suit, he demanded that, if within six months he should fail in overcoming her objections to him, the convent should be her doom!"

"False traitor! But surely the Baron agreed to no such demand?"

"I regret to say that Würmer obtained from him an unwilling consent, and that in a few more days her doom will be sealed."

"Can nothing be done to save her?" said Breiswald, in an agony of despair. "Whatever may betide, I will incur the severest displeasure of the Margrave, and even the Emperor, rather than let Würmer meet with such success!"

Albrecht remained for some time musing, but at length he observed, "A more mad piece of folly than your interference could scarcely be conceived, my deeply injured friend. Your enemies would procure, if possible, an immediate confiscation of your estates, and whatever resolution you might show could avail you but little. Difficult it may be to extricate your beloved one from peril; but still it is not impossible. I am inclined to hope that, by some dexterity on my part, the thing may be accomplished. Ask no questions, and, at the risk of my life, I will overreach this scheming Würmer. Have you full confidence in me?"

"My honour, and that of her I love, could not be reposed in more trusty hands. I ask you no questions. Rather, indeed, for her own sake would I hear of the death of the high-spirited Bertha, than that she were in the power of Würmer!"

"Thanks for your confidence," said Albrecht. "None who have trusted to me have regretted so doing. But let me hear what ground there was for the report of your death."

Breiswald proceeded to inform him of the severe wound he had received and the length of time he had been confined from its effects.

"But," he went on to say, "so entirely are my thoughts taken up with my own affairs, that I had almost forgotten to inquire of your own safety. I trust your wound is now fully healed."

"Thanks to the care of your worthy housekeeper, Kaisa, in a few days after your departure I

was enabled to resume my original pursuits. No invalid could give such a leap as you have seen."

"And what course does the Baron of Hardfels adopt with regard to the management of my property, which he undertook?"

"From what I can judge, he appears to pay great attention to it. I have observed either father or son frequently engaged in altering and improving the estate. But, besides this, however, I have news of interest to you. Here," said he, producing a scrap of paper, "do you not remember, but a short time before your departure, my making search on the body of that ruffian I had the good fortune to despatch? Among the papers in his possession—some of which I could not understand—I happened to find out one of some importance. As it is too dark for you to read it, I will only inform you it is a document securing the payment of seven hundred crowns, by Würmer, to my old acquaintance, Ruffo, on proof of your death by his hand; and the contemptible sum of two hundred crowns on his accomplishing my destruction. You see what a difference there is between a count and an outlaw!"

Breiswald started with astonishment at so sudden a solution of his doubts as to the brigands' motives in attacking him.

"Could we not," said he, with eagerness, "bring the career of Würmer to a close? Would not that document ensure his destruction? I have been busily compiling proofs of his fraud towards his neighbours; and I think, with the additional proofs furnished by this paper, we might succeed."

"Be not too fast," said Albrecht; "you forget that to kill a man out of the protection of the laws is no murder. Certainly there is more hope that we might make it an offence of some magnitude against you; but my advice to you is, not to be too precipitate on the subject. To return to Vienna would excite the jealousy of the Margrave, and Würmer would protest against the admission of my evidence, with-

out which you could do nothing. I doubt not that ere long Würmer's villany will be detected, and meet its reward. Meanwhile, I will take all necessary steps for the frustration of his plans. The document had better remain in my custody,—all due care will be taken of it. With regard to the defeat of his schemes for placing the lady Bertha in a convent, is there no love-token you could trust me with, as a proof of your concurrence in my design?"

With some hesitation, Breiswald removed from his neck a locket Bertha had given him, and handed it to his friend, who expressed himself well satisfied with such a credential.

As it was growing late, the young soldier pressed the outlaw to accompany him to his quarters; but,

to his surprise, all entreaties failed; and Albrecht, saying that to accomplish his purpose no time should be lost, warmly wrung his friend's hand, and, descending the city-wall, was soon lost to his sight.

Albrecht's revelations produced varied emotions in the mind of our hero. Sincerely did he regret the grief the news of his death must have occasioned to his betrothed; but he trusted that, having satisfied themselves of such a fact, the Würmers would cease to keep so vigilant a watch over him. In this, however, he was deceived: Würmer was not so easily persuaded of the reality of so joyful a riddance, and his agents resumed their operations stealthily, but surely.

WOMEN OF ENGLAND: A JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

THE beauty of our women, and the bravery of our men, have been from time immemorial the just boast of us natives of the "tight little island."

There is one thing which forcibly strikes a foreigner landing on our shores, after the first novelty of being in a strange country wears off, and he has time to look around him—it is the beauty of our women. To an Englishman returning to his native soil after ; long period spent in foreign travel, the first conviction forced on his mind is—the beauty of our women a the immeasurable superiority of the Englishwoman in face and figure to the vaunted beauties of all foreign lands whatever. He may have laughed and flirted, in Parisian saloons, with the exquisitely-dressed, tastefully-adorned Frenchwoman—have been *cavallier servante* to Madame la Marquise, the reigning Queen of Beauty and Fashion, whose wit, taste, and fascinations are as unquestioned as her virtue is doubtful — have danced and talked with *grissettes* at casinos—have peered under masks at the delightful, but dreadfully wicked Opera Masquerades, and yet never have seen one example of that perfection in form, face, complexion, and expression, in which so many of our island fair rejoice. He may have made love to the tall, dark, stately donnas of Old Castille, whose walk and every movement is distinguished by a grand, swan-like grace, inimitable, peculiar to themselves. Still, though acknowledging them handsome, and haughty as Juno, he will hesitate to pronounce them beautiful as Venus—to say nothing of chaste as Diana. In Rome, Florence, Naples, he may have admired the beautiful faces and eyes of Italian Contessas and Signoritas, and yet be forced to confess that faultless features, unaccompanied by good complexion

and graceful figure, do not constitute beauty. He may have explored the islands of the blue Ægean, or, wandering across the Peloponessus, be astonished to find that it is possible for a woman to have features perfect in their classical regularity, and yet not be beautiful. In Stamboul, by the lavish use of English gold, and at the risk of his head, he may have penetrated the hidden recesses of a Pacha's seraglio, hitherto unpolluted by the eyes of a giaour, and searched in vain among the baby-faced Turkish women, sensual Circassians, and inanimately statuesque Greeks, for his ideal of a Gulneyaz, Dudu, or Haidee. Homewards across the continent by Vienna and Berlin, his fastidious palate rejects the stupid, clumsy *fraus* and *frauleins* of Germany, like their cookery, greasy and gross ; the wide-mouthed, low-browed Dutch, and the sandy Danes—till landing in Old England—he is doubtful whether the hotel barmaid is not equal to the best of them in good looks—is certain that the merry, laughing, bright-eyed, brown-haired young lady, his *vis-a-vis* in the railway carriage, is their superior ; and sees, at the opera, in the park, reclining in carriages, or among the splendid amazons of Rotten Row, daughters of the English aristocracy, before whose glorious beauty the boasted charms of the foreigners fade away, as a star of the seventh magnitude in the brightness of the midday sun.

Rank heresy as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that foreign beauty exists but in the imagination of painters and poets. The Spaniards are undoubtedly handsome ; but their figures require roundness and development to complete their claims to beauty. Their forms are not so much slender as thin ; there is a predominance of bone, an absence of that soft wavy

outline essential to true beauty, which has rendered the Venus de Medici so celebrated.

To those who have gathered their ideas of Spanish beauties from romances and florid pictures, this refusal to acknowledge their claims may seem captious; but few who have travelled on the Peninsula will fail to confess that the sketch, though uncomplimentary, is truthful.

The French, pleasing, *piquant*, always tastefully dressed, can hardly aspire to be more than pretty. Their features are too petite; there is an audacity of expression hardly consonant with that retiring modesty which is woman's greatest charm. Napoleon the Great is reported to have said "with English soldiers and French officers, he could conquer the world." If French women had but English beauty, or English women French taste, the result would be as near perfection as possible. It is astonishing how good a show a Frenchwoman will make of her mediocre charms. Every point which may offend the eye is carefully, dexterously toned down; while each little beauty of form or face is greatly enhanced by the skill with which it is displayed. No matter how simple or plain the material, a Frenchwoman is always well-dressed. You never see on her those glaring discords of colour or offences against good taste in shape and design by which so many English ladies detract from their beauty.

In England the women do not understand even the rudiments of the art of dress. If an article of dress or adornment is pretty or attractive in the abstract, that is sufficient for them, they do not wait to inquire whether it will harmonise with the rest of their attire or personal characteristics--whether they are tall or short, blonde or brunette, whether their style of figure and face requires a retiring or showy style of dress; but they forthwith proceed to invest themselves with the admired article, and imagine it is becoming because they are assured it is quite *à la mode*.

Pardon, fair lady, if I intrude a little simile. Touch separately two notes on your grand piano, say A and F; the tone of each is harmonious and musical. Now strike both together, and observe what a hideous discord is the result. So it is with dress. Frequently each component part of a lady's dress is in itself elegant, in combination, detestable; or the lady may be pretty, and the dress, as a whole, tasteful and elegant; and yet it may fail to harmonise with her style of beauty, and produce as disagreeable an effect on the eye of a man of taste as did the discordant notes on his ear. These remarks apply principally to the middle classes, for it cannot be denied that the ladies of the upper ten thousand dress as well and tastefully as the most fastidious could desire. This, however, is to be ascribed rather to French milliners and dressmakers, and French maids, than to inherent good taste, which is sadly uncultivated even among the fair damsels of the highest society.

Hitherto, in reviewing the rival claimants to beauty, we have only dealt with the women of Continental Europe.

The United States, Canada, and Australia, among civilised communities have claims meriting attention; as also have the barbarian beauties of Peru, the South-sea Islands, and some parts of India. Between the ladies of British America and their neighbours in the States there is very little difference. They are tall, long-limbed, and straight--arriving at maturity at an age when an English girl would be a child, and fading when the other would be in the zenith of her beauty. Nevertheless, though usually wanting that roundness of outline and development which distinguishes our countrywomen, the claims of the Yankees and Canadians to beauty are certainly superior to those of French, Spanish, Italian, or German women. They have, usually, good features and complexions, and in the first flush of

girlhood their tall slender supple figures are very attractive; it is in after years, when the girl of sixteen has merged into the woman of five or six-and-twenty, that they are seen in an unfavourable point of view. The slenderness which in early youth is beautiful as time creeps on becomes less and less attractive. The freshness of sweet sixteen, which carried off the effects of imperfect development of figure, is exchanged for the ripeness, without the maturity of womanhood. That slender form, which in the girl is so pleasing, is in the woman harsh and hard; the angles are sharpened, and there is a want of softening and smoothness in the figure.

Whether this American peculiarity is the effect of climate or food it is not easy to determine, but its existence every traveller must have observed. Very favourable specimens of Transatlantic beauty are frequently to be met with in the female slaves of the Southern States. I do not allude to the negresses, but to Octoroons and Quadroons, who have hardly a trace of African blood remaining, excepting, perhaps, a slight, very slight waviness in their beautiful black hair. I have seen female slaves on plantations, and occasionally in the slave marts of the cities, with complexions fairer and features farther removed from the African mould than many an European brunette. But I think that in all America, the best specimens of female beauty are to be found in the city of New Orleans, and on Louisiana plantations, owned by descendants of the old French colonists.

The French creole girls of the crescent city are, indeed, unapproachable in their beauty. They are, from their brilliant dark complexions and fine eyes, more *prononcée* in their style than the women of Canada and the New England States; this is an advantage, for even the best specimens of Northern American beauty have a tendency to insipidity and want of colour and tone which detracts

from the general effect. Assuredly, the most transparent and wax-like blonde complexion cannot bear comparison in brilliance and beauty with a real good brunette.

The pink and white of the North has no chance with the rich brown and red of the South. The bright brown of the skin seems to set off to greater advantage the deep red mantling on the cheek, and the dark splendour of the eyes, lighting up the whole, gives a picture which cannot be excelled even in painters' dreams. Their figures, too, are wavy and elegant in the extreme. They have the graceful motion of the Spaniard, without her thinness and predominance of bone. They have the beautiful features of the Italian and Greek, without the dust-coloured complexion of the one, or the heavy, stupid languor of the other. Usually tall and straight-limbed, their carriage and deportment is good, and their manner and conversation light, gay, piquant. They are, by reason of their French education, free from that dreadful *mauvaise honté* which so disfigures our English ladies, and have taste which will not permit them to disguise or disfigure their beauty.

Of the women of South America I can say but little, as I will not allow that beauty can exist in combination with a copper skin. As far as features and figure go, many Peruvian damsels might challenge comparison with their more favoured sisters of other lands. But then comes in, to spoil the whole, that dreadful copper-red skin, and I can no more admit the beauty of a woman, irrespective of colour, than I can of a painting. The same remark applies to the Indians and Polynesians. Their brown or black skins as effectually bar any claim that might otherwise have to beauty, as would deformity in face or figure. However perfect the form and features, covered by a black, brown, or copper skin, it is incompatible with the existence of beauty. True beauty, as a whole, is a blending of all the beauties of

form, face, colour, and expression. Where pleasing tints and harmony in colour is wanting, there can be no beauty. Neither can it exist without expression—and expression cannot shine through the opaque dark skin. How can any regularity or perfection of outline compensate for the absence of the variegated tints called to the delicate cheek by the inward emotions of the mind—the soft pink glow of pleasure—the bright flush of excitement—the lily pallor of apprehension? No;—beauty cannot exist under a black, brown, or copper skin. Observe, however, that it is not absolutely the degree of darkness that I insist on as a disqualification, but its nature. A copper-coloured East Indian, or Peruvian, may be absolutely fairer, lighter, than an European brunette—but there is an opacity in the skin of the former which places her in quite a different category from the latter, beneath whose clear brown or olive complexion the bright blood is apparent. In the one case it is a gauzy veil of bright brown lace thrown over the statue—in the other a thick coat of sombre brown paint—uniform, unchangeable, and monotonous.

The Australian type has yet hardly had time to develope itself. The proportion arrived at maturity, who have been born in the colony, is so small, in comparison with the number of emigrants, as not to afford a fair chance of observing peculiarities; and even those who boast Australian parentage few, very few, go back farther than a generation; it thus becomes very

difficult to speak with any certainty or fixity of personal characteristics which usually require several generations to perfect. Roughly speaking, the Australian girls, like the Yankees, are tall, straight, and well-formed; they are generally better developed, and not so slightly built, and I imagine their beauty is of a character not so liable to premature decay. Those whom I had an opportunity of observing were distinguished by a sweeping length of limb, as handsome as it is rare, and which, being accompanied by an abundance of bright fair hair, good features, and passable complexion, gave *a tout ensemble* at which few would be inclined to quarrel.

Having now, fair ladies of all nations, run through a tolerably long list, and constituted myself your Paris, I suppose it is incumbent on me to make a definite choice.

French, Germans, Dutch, Danes, Spaniards, Greeks, Italians, Turks, Canadians, New Englanders, French Creoles, Peruvians, Hindoos, South Sea Islanders, Australians, and our own English beauties, have all been passed in review. Although from previous remarks the decision may seem a foregone conclusion, nevertheless the form shall be gone through; so,—advance fair daughter of Albion and receive the apple; if, in sporting parlance, there should be any “second money,” impartial Paris must award it to Louisiana, and leave Canada and New England to fight it out between themselves for the honour of third place.

W. S. H.

A WALK FROM SHEFFIELD TO MANCHESTER.

ONE Whitsuntide, a friend and myself started from Sheffield, on a pedestrian excursion into the "Peak of Derbyshire." Lightly equipped, we left the "city of soot" in the middle of the afternoon, and, ascending (I might almost say climbing) the high road through the western outskirts of the town, we reached the hill top, and descended into the valley of the Rivelin. For some miles our road lay through the district of Hallamshire—a part of South Yorkshire, of which Sheffield is the capital. Ebenezer Elliott has "married" the beauties of this district "to immortal verse," and Dr. Hunter has written its history in a ponderous tome.

The Rivelin is one of the six rivers of Hallamshire, all of which, and their peculiar beauties, are named by Elliott in one stanza, commencing—

"Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains,
Mingle and are one."

Another of these, the Locksley, the confluence of which with the Rivelin we passed on our right, is memorable as the scene of the commencement of that fatally disastrous flood, by which nearly three hundred lives were lost.

The Rivelin was Elliott's favourite resort whilst he lived in Sheffield; and on his removal to a distance, he bade farewell to it in a fine lyrical poem, of which this, the opening verse, is a fair specimen—

"Beautiful river, goldenly shining,
Where with the cistus woodbines are twining,
Birklands around thee mountains above thee,
Rivelin wildest, do I not love thee!—"

Skirting the side of the valley, in which, though familiar to us, we felt inclined to linger, we crossed a small streamlet which falls into the Rivelin, also the subject of a poem by Elliott; who, under the impression that it had no name, called it "Ribbledin." One stanza from the poem will show the character of the scenery described:—

"Dim world of weeping mosses,
A hundred years ago
Yon hoary-headed holly tree
Beheld thy streamlet flow:

See how he bends him down to hear
The tune that ceaseth never,
Old as the rock's wild stream he seems,
Whilst thou art young for ever."

About half a mile beyond this streamlet, our road crossed the Rivelin, just below where its waters are dammed up by the Sheffield Water-works Company. Ascending the hill on the other side, we passed through Hollow Meadows, a village on the edge of the moors, inhabited principally by artisans, who have, as it were, emigrated from Sheffield; each of them reclaimed his little plot of land from the waste, and built his cottage with stone, of which quantities are found lying about in detached masses. But, though these artisans have left the town behind them, they have not given up their various skilled labours. They go regularly to Sheffield once or twice a week, a distance of seven or eight miles, taking with them the blades they have forged or ground, or the files they have cut; there they receive the price of their labour, and return with the materials for more. It is only the intervals between their mechanical tasks that they devote to the recreation of cultivating their little farms or gardens. As to the success of this emigration scheme, it is the all but universal testimony of those who have tried it, that such is the increased health and comfort which they and their families enjoy, that scarcely any consideration would induce them to return to their town life.

Near this village stands "The Farm," a sort of branch establishment, or outpost, from the Sheffield Union Workhouse. There the "able-bodied paupers" enjoy, or endure, as the case may be, the "labour test" of reclaiming and cultivating parts of the surrounding moors, thereby working out, in no small way, the problem of waste land cultivation. Some years ago, shortly after the Revolution which sent Louis Philippe into exile, and whilst the liberty, equality, and fraternity fever was passing over

England, a number of socialists, "Christian" and other,—who (not without reason, perhaps) looked to the culture of waste land as the cure for pauperism,—met and dined in this establishment. There they indulged in post-prandial orations on their favourite topic; their speeches being duly chronicled in the local papers, and commented on in the columns of a London paper, since defunct,—one which aspired to *lead* the party of progress in England;—one or more of the conductors of it being amongst the diners and speakers. Of those who thus "dined with serious intent," at the board of this experimental farm, were several gentlemen not unknown to fame. If I mistake not, one is now Professor in a University, and another the leading writer in a London daily paper of large pretensions. How many of these gentlemen retain the views they then held, and so forcibly expressed? On some of them, at least, time has wrought,—shall we say—a *salutary* change.

On a ridge of the moors opposite "The Farm" stands a relic of a far different order of civilisation, which may, for aught we know, have also been a "labour test." It is a Druidical stone, or rather two stones, of great size; the upper one, tradition says, formerly rocked, though it now stands firm enough.

After passing the last house in Hollow Meadows—which is a diminutive chapel—we descend into Moscar Dell, a valley in the moors: and here we first gain sight of the mountains of "The Peak," the distant view of which Elliott justly compares to a "billowy sea." Amongst them the conical summit of Win Hill is a striking object. As we note the beauty of the surrounding scenery, we remember that Ebenezer Elliott has often trodden the same path, and that he has commemorated one of his excursions by a long poem, "Win Hill, or the Curse of God." It was in the year 1832, when the Asiatic cholera was raging in England for the first time, that, a day of fasting and humiliation

being appointed by Royal authority, Elliott, though holding such things in contempt, took advantage of the general cessation from business, and made holiday amongst the mountains. To this he alludes in the opening stanza of his poem—

"This day, ye mountains, is a holiday,
Not the blest Sabbath, but a day of rest.
Though rung by cant from sordid men, who pay
Their homage to the god whom cant loves best,
I hallow it to Heaven, and make it blest;
Wild Moscar Dell, receive me! headlong Wye,
Let my soul hear thee from the mountain's
breast,
Telling thy streamlets, as they leap from high,
That richer, lovelier vales, and nobler streams
are nigh!"

As we advance the Dell deepens into a ravine, and we enter the Peak country by a pass which would be called fine even in North Wales. The road winds down one side of it, disclosing fresh beauties at every turn. Above, on the right, are high precipitous rocks, while far down below, hidden here and there by trees, is a trout stream, which has formed a deep rocky channel. From the other side Bamford Edge rises almost perpendicularly some hundreds of feet; on its craggy declivities grow larch, birch, and mountain ash, shading a deep rich undergrowth of ferns, bilberry wires, and many kinds of heather. The stream, leaping, gliding, and foaming over its rocky bed, enjoys the romantic name of "Lady Bower Brook."

Turning abruptly round a corner of the pass, the Peak country lies spread out before us, and at our right, framed in the hill side—

"Lo! the inn, the mountain girdled inn!
Whose amber stream is worth all Helicon."

This is "Lady Bower Inn;" whether it takes its name from the brook, or the brook from it, I have no means of knowing, probably the latter. This little inn is the resort of tourists, anglers, and sportsmen; though the latter make very short visits, their tarriance being limited to the few days for which the grouse shooting lasts. Grouse are very abundant on these moors, which extend westward and northward many miles; and the privilege of the three days shooting on them is somewhat costly, being charged

from twenty-five to thirty guineas. As, in favourable seasons, some good shots will bag as many as sixty brace, and grouse sell at from seven shillings to ten shillings per brace, the sport is sometimes remunerative. But all sportsmen are not equally fortunate. One season a gentleman stayed at "The Lady Bower," who had come from Nottingham, and paid the usual price for his ticket; but in three days he had only succeeded in killing one bird: this he had cooked for supper the night before he returned home, an unsuccessful, but perhaps a wiser man.

The "Lady Bower," though of humble pretensions, affords excellent accommodation, as I had often proved; and it was here that we intended to "take our ease." But now that we had reached our destination, the appearance of the country was disappointing. The prospect from the inn is as picturesque as a tourist can well desire,—far down in the valley below the Derwent runs over his rocky bed, from the opposite side of which the centre mountain of "The Peak"—Win Hill, rises abruptly, and stands the

"Monarch of our lesser Alps."

though crowned with trees. In the far distance to the left the precipitous side of one of the "Tors" is plainly visible, truly a

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

But now the trees were leafless, the moors were bare, the river was a winter torrent, the snow lay in the hollows on the hill sides, for the season was a month behind that in lower elevations. Spring had not reached that mountain land, but "winter ling'ring chilled the lap of May." Elliott has noted in his poem a similar delay in the summer of 1832, as compared with the lowlands on the east of Sheffield—

"Skeleton ash, why lag behind the year?

Where Don and Rother meet, no half-clad boughs appear."

We had half determined to make a short stay before we turned into the inn, and asked for the town's-

man's beverage—tea; when to our disappointment we were told that the landlady and her husband had gone to a "Love Feast" several miles away, and had taken with them the key of the tea-caddy! Thus, instead of eggs, ham, and the fragrant streams brewed from Congou or Souchong, we were fain to content ourselves with bread and cheese, and a quart of the "amber stream" aforesaid; respecting which latter I can only say, that if it be "worth all Helicon," that celebrated spring must be very poor tippie indeed. But, for the credit of Ebenezer Elliott, I conclude that the "old and jolly ale," which he so much commended, was not from the same tap as that of which we partook, which we found to possess just the opposite qualities to the beverage that we desiderated, being calculated to "inebriate" but not to "cheer."

Whilst discussing our repast, we decided not to remain at the inn even one night, but to walk forward to Glossop, sixteen miles further, and thence take the train to Manchester.

After passing through the village of Ashopton, our road for the next eight miles was through the valley of "the Woodlands." The Derwent or the Ashop, whose waters here unite, murmured a little below us. Before us were the monarchs of "The Peak," the summits of which (the highest nearly 2,000 feet above the sea) stood out in grand proportion against the evening sky.

It was quite dusk when we began to climb the hill, and the ascent soon became steep and difficult. The "great dumb monsters of mountains," as Carlyle calls them, assumed more gigantic proportions as they became more indistinct, and the shades of night had fallen when we passed "The Snake Inn," a well-known hostelry, which stands solitarily amongst the mountains. The light of its "household fires" was tempting, and recalled a verse from one of Elliott's "hymns:"—

"Oh, welcome in the morn, the road
That climbs to Virtue's high abode;

But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome too."

But we resisted the seductions of "The Snake," and passed on up the height. For some distance the road is over the open moors, without wall or fence of any kind, but at regular distances are tall posts, to serve as landmarks to the traveller when the road tracks are covered with snow. As we neared the top of the hill, we heard voices and footsteps behind us, and looking back could just see two other pedestrians at about a hundred yards distance, and apparently, from the speed they were making, endeavouring to overtake us. Nothing sure but that they might have designs on our purses, and not wishing for the company of strangers on the top of Blackstone Edge—several miles distant from a human habitation—we quickened our pace, but in vain; they visibly gained upon us, and at length overtook us, just as we gained the very summit. As they came alongside, they proclaimed their peaceable intentions by accosting us in a friendly manner, in the vernacular of the district, complimenting us on our walking powers, but vaunting their own as superior. They were very communicative, without being inquisitive; they told us that they "worked" at Glossop, but that they were natives of Bamford, where they had been for a day's holiday, and were in danger of being locked out of their lodgings. They assured us we should be too late for the train, but might find good quarters in Glossop, towards which, keeping their pace, not to lose the train, we "tore" down the steep descent in the darkness, clearing the ground at the rate of five miles an hour. We parted with our companions in travel at the entrance of the town, and finding that we were indeed too late for the train, proceeded at once to the principal hotel. The "Blue Boar" looked very inviting, and we felicitated ourselves in the prospect of good quarters; but our dusty boots, scanty luggage, and generally seedy appearance, had,

probably, an unfavourable effect on the chambermaid, who, being of a discerning turn, looked suspiciously at us, and said they were "quite full." We shook off (metaphorically) the dust of our feet against this inhospitable hostelry, and turned to seek humbler accommodation. In pursuit of this, we called at nearly every inn and public-house in Glossop, but without success. We were told that the North Derby Militia were up and billeted out. At the last place we called, we found a village schoolmaster taking his evening glass, or rather series of glasses; who proffered to direct us to an inn about a mile out of the direct road to Manchester, where he assured us we should find plenty of room. After waiting for him nearly an hour, during which time he became not the better for liquor, he led us across some fields, to the promised haven of rest, which seemed large enough, truly, but the last light (in one of the upper windows) disappeared just as we approached the house. Though we thundered at the door for a considerable time, there was no answer; so we were fain to pursue our way, reflecting on the drinking habits of the schoolmaster, who had so fruitlessly brought us out of our road. We just then "heard the chimes at midnight," and I certainly never before had heard them under such unpleasant circumstances. The "night thoughts" they suggested were other than those of pious Young. The night was bitterly cold; we were foot-sore, weary, and sleepy; and no shelter of any sort could we see. We should have rejoiced in finding a barn, with plenty of clean straw, and a hay-loft would have afforded us a chance of luxurious repose. We even looked around for a brick-kiln, under the lee side of which we might have found warmth and shelter from the piercing wind.

But none of these met our "tired eyes." So we kept the high road towards Manchester, and passing through Mottram, at about half-past one reached Hyde—one

of those modern "coke towns" which abound in South Lancashire. In the principal street we met a solitary man, a policeman, of whom we inquired our way. He mildly remonstrated against our pursuing our journey at that unseasonable hour, and offered to find us lodgings; "not a common lodging-house, you know, but *respectable* lodgings." How gladly did we accept his offer, and with what alacrity we followed him through some bye streets! On his rapping at a door, a night-capped head was thrust out of a window above: our wants being explained, the owner of the head soon opened his hospitable door. "Suppose you don't require separate rooms," said he, a luxury which we were not disposed to stickle for, but the inquiry suggested ideas of comfort and delicacy. So we presented a shilling to the policeman as a small acknowledgment for his services in thus restoring us to the delights of modern civilisation. We then followed our host, who for the moment assumed to our eyes the aspect of an eastern patriarch of intense benevolence. He led us upstairs through a small room, or rather passage, in which was a narrow truckle bed, and in it what a hasty glance showed us to be a female asleep,—a rather startling sight to the modest eyes of unsophisticated youths like ourselves. But what were our feelings on being ushered into another small low room, in which were four beds, three of them occupied! Silently pointing to the other *one*, and putting down the candle, our conductor (who must have been a humorist in his way) disappeared, we knew not whither.

I have often speculated, regarding it as a curious psychological problem, why we did not at this point turn back, force our way down stairs, and rush out again into the cold night. But I have not been able to arrive at a satisfactory solution. Want of moral courage and presence of mind will not entirely account for our remaining. However it may have been, we did

stay, and by the light of the candle could see that in the bed nearest to ours were two sleepers, apparently from their head gear, one of each sex—man and wife, let us say. The other occupants of the room we could not clearly discern; indeed, we did not care to push our examination further, having seen enough. The bed appropriated to us was moderately clean and tidy, but we devoutly wished that fate, in the guise of that benevolent policeman, had not crossed our path. Nevertheless we partially disrobed, and resigned ourselves to the fate of the carriers in "Henry IV." Turning back the bed-clothes, we discovered only *one* sheet. This we thought a climax, but on lying down we found "a lower deep,"—the bed was warm! "Oh, my prophetic soul!" I gasped out. "Prophetic fiddlestick!" growled my friend, "if you'd had a prophetic soul we should not have come to this." At which we both laughed, but our mirth was hollow. However, our intolerable weariness soon made us forget our single sheet, bed "unpleasantly warm," and other disagreeables, and we slept soundly till between five and six o'clock, when we were awakened by cries of "Charlotte, Charlotte, it's time to get up!" We rubbed our eyes, and feeling uncomfortable at seeing ourselves in such a position by daylight, rose and dressed immediately. The contrast between what we had proposed on leaving Sheffield, and the strange position we had realised, was striking enough when we looked out of the window and saw a wide expanse of bricks and mortar and tall chimneys, instead of Win Hill and the valley of the Derwent. There being no means of washing upstairs, we descended into the kitchen and performed a hasty toilet. The hostess was there busy making coffee, of which she pressed us to partake, but we declined, and paid for our bed without breakfast fourpence each! Wondering what a "common lodging-house" could be, we turned our backs on our

"respectable lodgings," and resumed our walk towards Manchester just as the factory bells were ringing, the "melancholy mad elephants" commencing their daily throes; and troops of "hands" threading their way to their mules, bobbins, and spinning jennies.

After a walk of eight miles through the flattest and most unpicturesque country (if such it can be called) imaginable, we reached Manchester, if possible, more tired, weary, and footsore, than we had been the night before. We took a cab at the first stand, and were at a friend's house before the family were down. We made ourselves at home, and took each a cold bath; when, by a good breakfast, together with our friends' hearty laughter at our night's adventure,

we were in some measure refreshed after our walk across the "Penine range." Whilst enjoying the *dolce* the rest of the day, we could look back on our lengthened walk not without some degree of satisfaction. We had crossed from the eastern to the western side of the backbone of England; we had tested our powers of physical endurance; and though we had acquired an unwelcome knowledge of the sort of "bedfellows" poverty might make us "acquainted with," on the other hand we had tasted the pure and elevating influence that dwells amidst the sequestered scenes of natural beauty, and increased our familiarity with some of the haunts of a true English poet.

A WOMAN'S MIRACLE.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"COME now, Melville, why did you smile when I said that I was going to ride over to Mrs. Sargood's?" he repeated.

"Upon my word, Sir William, it would be hard to say, except what I explained before."

"And that was tantamount to saying that I was in love with Mrs. Sargood."

"A little partiality, sir, was the utmost extent of my meaning. And I must say, that, since the late Lady Raymond, I have seen no more beautiful lady than Mrs. Sargood."

"Egad! you're right, Melville. She's a clever woman, too, and she'll give great *éclat* to our feast. Burchell, when he comes, will be delighted with her—take my word for it."

"He could not fail to do that, sir."

"No doubt of it—no doubt of it. By-the-bye, Melville, Eustace confessed that there was a woman in his secret, and that I knew her."

The steward opened his eyes, and slightly started back.

"Yes," continued Sir William, "and that if ever the secret was revealed, it would be revealed by her. Now you know all the women I know—can you guess who it is?"

The steward pondered deeply, and then said—

"It cannot be Judith Shaw."

"Why Judith Shaw? Why she? What can she have to do with the secrets of my son?"

"If not she, I cannot tell who it is."

"But why fix on her, Melville? Have you any clue?"

"None, Sir William, but that her state of melancholy was coincident with the death of Mr. Eustace."

"And so it was!" exclaimed Sir William, after a little reflection. "And there are but lame reasons given for her change. And yet

how can it be that my young schoolmistress should be mixed up in this? Oh! it cannot be her—she is not in the secret."

"We must not forget, Sir William, that long before Mr. Robert died, he was frequently at the school-house."

"Ha! is that well known?" cried Sir William.

"I have seen him there, myself," said the steward, "and the miller's wife once said to me, 'Why I think Mr. Robert must be in love with Judith, for he often passes the mill on his way to the school-house.'"

"But Robert isn't Eustace."

"No," said Melville.

"So Robert's visits to the school-house can have nothing to do with the gloom of Eustace."

"We can't see how or where at present, but with due deference to you, Sir William, I think it will be quite as well, at a more opportune time, to sift, more than has already been done, this peculiar melancholy of Judith Shaw."

"You are quite right, Melville. It shall be done, too. How much two circumstances, nothing in themselves, conjoined become of singular importance, and serious evidence."

Sir William rode off at a trot, his mind occupied with his steward's remarks about Judith Shaw.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VEILED HEART.

WHILE Mr. Burchell, during his ride from the mill to Greatlands Manor, used his best efforts to make an impression on the Widow Sargood, as well as to raise himself higher in the esteem of Sir William Raymond, Judith Shaw, who walked arm-in-arm with the miller's daughter, was doing her best to whip away remorse, and wear a face more suited to the occasion of a feast. She brought to bear a powerful self-control, and

the *cortege* had not moved very far on the beautiful country road, before that sorrow and illness which had attracted so much attention, gave place to a radiant sprightliness.

But oh! gaiety was a terrible mockery to her doomed and oppressed mind, and even while she smiled, and listened to the pretty prattle of the miller's daughter, she would have given anything to have sat down by the hedge-side and sobbed, or that the ground she totteringly walked on, would open and engulf her.

It could not fail to be observed that, strange as the conduct was that she displayed before the arrival of the Burchells, it became very much worse, and assumed another phase, in the presence of Amy.

When her father led her, almost supported her, to the carriage in which Miss Burchell sat with extended hand to receive her,—oh! then her feelings were inward daggers to her. She keenly felt that if Amy knew her as well as she knew herself—knew how deeply she had wronged her, and what a guilty creature she had been—she would have passed her by with the "hate of hate, and scorn of scorn."

When Miss Burchell lived at Greatlands, and after she had been affianced to Robert Raymond, she was very fond of visiting the school-house, and hearing Judith give her clever lessons to her peasant pupils; and on these occasions she would frequently remain after the school had broken up, and have a little chat with Mr. Shaw and his daughter. Indeed, she had formed very high opinions of Judith, and thought her an intellectual, yet a simple, warm-hearted, unassuming, unaffected girl. It was Robert Raymond, too, that first introduced the pretty young schoolmistress to his wife that was to be; and vividly Miss Burchell remembered the time. They were passing through the lane in which the Gothic school-house stood—the first time they had walked abroad alone—and the harvest moon

covered it, and the old chesnut overhanging its side, in such unspeakable beauty, that Amy could not resist pausing at a little distance to admire it. Judith, with eyes as blue as stars, yet sorrowful as night, sat at one of the little windows, her brow resting on her hand, as she pored over a book, in which she seemed too deeply interested to observe those who watched her below.

Yes, there sat the young schoolmistress, her quiet beauty enhanced by the warm, delicious moonlight that shone upon her, while nothing could be heard but the birds pouring out their good-night songs to each other. The face and figure of Judith, as thus first seen by Miss Burchell, made a most favourable impression upon her; and when she returned from her walk, she made a pencil sketch of the whole scene in her album, and the picture still remains there. All who saw it said that she had admirably caught the expression of Judith's countenance.

Robert Raymond was rather sorry that Amy's attention should have been attracted to the school-house, and doubly so that Judith should have been at the window. He inwardly cursed the moonlight for revealing the school and its mistress, and would have hurried Amy past it if he could without rudeness.

"What a lovely nest for a residence!" exclaimed Miss Burchell, in the warmth of her imagination, as she paused, leaning on Robert's arm.

"Nothing more than the old school-house," said Robert, coldly. "There are much prettier views on our way than this."

Judith was quick to catch the sound of Robert's voice, although he spoke low, and she gave a hasty glance from her book, and as hastily retired from the window. When she had withdrawn, to Amy's susceptible imagination, half the beauty of the scene went with her.

"Did you observe what a very pretty young lady that was?" said Amy to Robert, after Judith had so suddenly vanished.

"Oh, I know her very well—she is *only* the schoolmistress," was the cold reply.

"Then I certainly should like to know the schoolmistress. What is her name, pray?"

"Judith Shaw."

"A very pretty name, too."

"Upon my word, you *are* smitten, Amy; I wish I was fortunate enough to win so much admiration from you. But you have an eye for everything, and praise for everybody, but me," he added, in obvious jealous tones. "And yet we are to be married!"

"That is your wish, and my father's," said Amy, significantly.

"*My* wish, most true. But is it *yours*? Ah, that silence!—it speaks a most emphatic 'No!' Come, shall we proceed? You seem weary."

"Not of the charming scene before us."

"But of *me*. Ah, well; I understand."

"You are quick, sir!"

"Quick! aye, love sharpens the faculties," said Robert,

"And so does jealousy," retorted Amy.

"There is no love without jealousy. Between the two passions there is an indissoluble union."

"A happier union is love and confidence," remarked Amy, restraining the vagaries of her summer scarf, which floated in the breeze that had sprung up.

"But unrequited love, Amy, can feel nothing but jealousy. *Mine* is unrequited; and I would I could throw it to the dogs, it brings me such little peace," cried Robert, who was deeply pained with Miss Burchell's coldness.

"Then what can be *my* chance of happiness? Oh, Robert, I implore you, bring some manly consideration to this serious matter, involving your peace and mine!"

"That is presuming that I have not already done so."

"You cannot."

"Because I have not released you from your engagement, you say that."

"My father's engagement, Ro-

bert; not mine. Oh, rise in self-respect, and do not wed a wife without a heart!"

"Too late—too late. You have taken root, and grown apace in my soul. I must live in hope that after marriage——"

Amy shuddered, which was not unperceived by her lover, and he noticed it thus:—

"Ah! try your best to tear me from you. But 'tis past your doing. Let the engagement stand. I would rather be miserable with you than without you. Why should I take up a life of wretchedness for Eustace? Tell me, Amy—why?"

"What can I answer more than you know?"

"And that is that you and Eustace love each other, and therefore I am to be sacrificed."

"Wherein do you sacrifice? Can you justly call that a sacrifice to give up that which was never yours, and never can be?"

"You *will* be mine, Amy, and I won't despair but that you will yet love me as much as Eustace. Happy marriages have been known to follow discordant courtships, and the reverse has often been experienced. It seems a lottery, after all, and I will not be dissuaded from trying my chance."

They sauntered on, side by side, but not arm in arm. On their further way to the manor, Amy frequently muttered to herself—"Oh! father! father!" while Robert endeavoured to reconcile her by pointing out that she would in the course of time become the mistress of the finest estate in England, and that her life should be one of boundless pleasure.

Amy turned a cold dull ear to the fascinations her lover approached her with,—Eustace without house or lands, before Robert and his "finest estate in England."

This scene—this conversation—was now, after an interval of four years, vividly revived in Miss Burchell's mind on again meeting with Judith Shaw. Her father, although a pompous man, was a learned one, and he had taken

great pains to educate his daughter, and had tolerably well succeeded. Judith, although circumstances had raised her no higher than a village schoolmistress in social position, knew languages, and much solid learning; she was particularly set-up in history, geography, and astronomy, and had an excellent acquaintance with the general literature of her country. In all this she was much superior to Miss Burchell, but the latter surpassed her in the lighter accomplishments—singing, drawing, dancing, painting and music.

But her education, real and solid as it was, had failed to keep sorrow from her soul, or to fortify the weak places of her heart against the delusive voice of the "charmer."

Wonderful, indeed, was it to see her now, with that concealed tragedy on her mind, moving along with smiling face by the side of the miller's talkative, lively, but innocent daughter.

"I am so glad to see you better, Judith!" she said, holding the schoolmistress tightly by the arm. "We shall have a merry day after all, shan't we?"

"I shall have enough to do to look after my scholars," said Judith.

"Don't bother about your scholars," said Mary Ann Roberts. "They have enough of your looking after—let 'em alone for once. I know father will get up a dance after dinner—he did last time—and I shall dance and sing too."

"But your partner at the last birthday—where is he?"

"He would go to sea you know, Judith, and I'm not going to mope about him if there's a dance got up. Of course, I wish Benjamin was here, but if he likes the sea better than me, I must find another partner. I liked Ben very much, and so did father and mother, but there wasn't as much between us as people thought," said the light-hearted girl.

"I understood that you were engaged to each other," said Judith, scarcely knowing what she spoke.

"Oh, what trumpery nonsense,"

Judith! Just because we talked at the gate together, and sometimes walked home from church together, and sometimes danced together—eh! how silly you must be to think on account of that, that we were engaged. Besides, what have I to do with engagements, just turned seventeen?"

"Sometimes love springs up very early in the heart," said Judith.

"And sometimes very slow, Miss Judith. He hasn't knocked at your door yet, or you're very sly."

"Who would have a poor schoolmistress? But you, Mary, are so pretty, and your father so rich."

"You saw a prettier face than mine in the glass this morning. And then see how learned you are, Judith."

"Just enough to know that I am very ignorant."

"Now that's a story, Judith, and you know it. Ah, the Raymonds say you're a very clever girl, and so do everybody who has seen you give your lessons to these little brats. I couldn't have patience with 'em. I should always be ill, and give 'em half-holidays."

Not for a long time had Judith smiled so unaffectedly as she did now at the observations of the miller's daughter, and it was a transient relief to her guilt-oppressed mind, to hear her rattling on from one trifle to another, regardless of anything but pleasure.

"How do you like my bonnet, Judith? and don't you think this is a pretty dress?"

"Nothing could suit you better. I never saw you such a belle before."

"And my earrings, Judith—father bought 'em for me—they're real gold—how do you like the pattern?"

"A little too showy, I think," Judith replied, with hesitation, for she was unwilling to damp the enthusiasm of her friend.

"I don't think so at all, Judith. Mother said they were good enough for a duchess."

"I think so too."

"Well, then, what do you mean by being too showy?"

"Just this,—that what would become a lady holding the rank of a duchess, would look ridiculous and unbecoming in such humble folks as ourselves."

"Fiddle-de-de," exclaimed Mary Ann Roberts. "What's a duchess more than me? A woman's a woman, all the world over."

"Then why not wear an ermine tippet?" suggested Judith.

"And I would wear a hermine tippet, if I liked it, and could get one."

Judith smiled at the idea of a miller's daughter in an ermine tippet.

"I don't hold with your notions, Judith, that because I am not a duchess, I'm not to wear earrings."

"I did not say so much as that, Mary—I objected only to the pattern and length of yours. But my taste is altogether opposed to ornamentation in dress, especially among people in our sphere of life."

"Our spear of life, indeed! Let people wear what they like, what they can afford, and what they can pay for. You have grown old-fashioned, I declare! You'd dress us all up like Quakers! La!"

"I much admire the dress of a quaker lady—so chaste and prim."

The miller's daughter laughed so loudly, that several of the little children who walked before her turned round.

"I should like to see thee in a poke bonnet, sister Judith."

"Your ridicule, Mary, will not alter my tastes."

"Nor will your dowdy notions mine. Oh, Judith, dear, how you have changed these four years past—and not for the better, I can tell you."

No one knew this better than the schoolmistress herself, and she felt that if there was much more said about this "change" she would not be able to endure it. She adroitly turned the subject to Mrs. Sargood—

"How beautiful she looks on horseback! With what ease and

assurance she rides along! and there, what exquisite music in her laughter!"

"For the life of me I couldn't go on describing people as you do. I can only say that I like or dislike a person; that they are ugly or pretty; disagreeable or good-tempered. But your words come as fast, Judith, as if you spun 'em," said the miller's daughter, in broad, country accents.

"I *do* spin them—out of the brain."

"Then I can't have any brain, I s'pose; or he wont spin words?"

"Your brain is undeveloped."

"There's a word, now!" exclaimed Mary, interrupting Judith. "Unde—what?"

"Undeveloped," replied Judith, smiling.

"And what does he mean?"

"What does *that* mean, not *he*. We do not call words 'he.'"

"Everybody does that I've heard speak. Father does, and mother does."

"But you would not find that Mrs. Sargood did, nor Miss Burchell, nor any of the Raymonds, and I hope I may say not any of these little children before us."

"Oh, dear me, what a dunce I am!" she said, taking Judith's correction good-temperedly.

"I do not think that you are a dunce," said Judith, "for a dunce is stupid, one that will not learn, a blockhead. You have good faculties, Mary, only, as I said before, they are undeveloped, and by that I mean that they are unfolded."

"Well, I've been to skule, as you know, Judith, and father's paid a good bit of money for me; and I only left because the mistress said I was finished. I can write the pointed hand, and dance, and know French and crochet, but I don't know words; and when I know words, I don't know their meanings, or how to use 'em. I wouldn't tell everybody that; but I'll tell you anything."

"No one, Mary, can make a secret of ignorance. It discloses itself in almost everything we do and say."

"And makes us wicked, too."

Judith winced at that remark, and was obliged to confess—

"Alas! wickedness exists with the educated as with the ignorant," and her wretched heart sent forth a melancholy sigh.

"Do you think so, Judith?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes! Education refines the taste, and exalts the understanding; but—but it cannot always preserve us from wickedness."

"La! I should have thought it would, now."

"Education is the culture of the brain," continued Judith; "while goodness and wickedness have their seat in the heart."

"Don't you think, Judith, it's better to have a good heart than a learned brain?"

"Unquestionably, Mary. The culture of the heart, from which flows good and evil, is the highest culture we can engage ourselves upon."

"How is it to be done, Judith?"

"By keeping the eye on Heaven, even as the eye of God is on us."

"Somehow or other I *can't* be religious. I say my prayers, go to church, and all that sort of thing; but I'm always thinking about something else, or looking all over the church to see whose got on the prettiest bonnet. But in all the church there's nobody seem to have so much religion as you, for look on you when you will, there you are with your face buried in your hands, looking *so* religious!"

Judith knew full well that it was from feelings of shame and remorse that she buried her head. Her position as schoolmistress compelled her to go to church, or she would never have been seen there—yet even her guilty mind did find comfort from the holy prayers offered up in that holy place.

"The position of a person is not always an evidence of a devotional mind."

"La! I don't seem to understand things at all," said the perplexed girl; and then she abruptly added, "I hope I shan't lose my earrings in the dancing. How fond

Miss Burchell seems of you, Judith! She hardly spoke to me. Did you notice what a love of a dress she had on?"

"I scarcely noticed it—I was too ill—thinking of something else."

"Whatever could you have been thinking of, not to notice her beautiful brown satin dress? Why, I should say there must be fifteen yards in the skirt, if there's an inch! Father has no peace until he buys one like it for me. And I thought she looked very handsome in that beautiful grey hat and feather. Just look up, Judith—you can see her feather now fluttering in the breeze!"

"Eh? what? what is it?" like one awakened from a dream.

"Miss Burchell's feather—look at it!"

"I have now no interest in what people wear," said Judith, peevishly, and wearily.

"You'll never make me learned enough to have no eyes for a fine feather. Why, you're getting the dismal again, Judith!"

"I was listening to the bells—their merry peal always makes me sad."

"Then I am sure I wouldn't listen to 'em," said the miller's daughter, laughing.

"Oh! I love melancholy!"

"So it seems, for no one's seen you laugh since Robert Raymond's death."

Judith tottered in her step, and turned cold and pale, and for a minute was silent; then she said, defiantly—

"What had his death to do with me?"

"Nothing, dear, that I know of."

"Then why do you and others date any change in me from that circumstance?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mary Ann, "except that it was so. Everybody pitied you, for they thought you were in love with Mr. Robert."

"What next?" said Judith, half-offendedly.

"Well, I'm sure people might be excused for thinking so, for you

and he were often and often seen together; and considering that he was so rich, you were very free and familiar with each other."

"For shame, Mary! and you know so well that Mr. Robert was engaged to Miss Burchell."

"Ah, but I'm speaking *before* that engagement. And directly after that, you became so ill that you were sent away for a long time, and no one knew where——"

"That was because I should not be troubled with any letters, or anything about the school," quickly interrupted Judith.

"Well, I don't know what it was for, not I; but everybody in Greatlands thought it unkind of you to go away so suddenly and so long, letting nobody know anything about you."

"The doctor would have it so," broke in Judith.

"No doctor should keep me from bidding *my* friends good bye, and letting them know where *I* was going to, and writing to them whenever I liked, and that would be every day if I could but hold the pen," said the warm-hearted girl. "Fudge about the doctor! You know very well there was a mystery going on——"

"Not to me," said Judith.

"Certainly not to you—you knew all about it. But your friends didn't, nor don't to this hour. And there's Mr. Eustace just like you—there's no making head nor tail of him. Do you think he murdered his brother?"

"I would rather believe that Miss Burchell did."

The miller's daughter stood and stared at her companion, and then exclaimed—

"Miss Burchell! Why she was to have been married to Mr. Robert!"

"But she never liked him, though," said Judith. "Her heart was with Mr. Eustace."

"That all of us believe. But do you really think that Miss Burchell murdered Mr. Robert on purpose to get rid of marrying him?"

"Certainly not. But I would

sooner believe it of her than Mr. Eustace, and for the reason that strong motives could be shown why she should wish him dead; but there was no known motive why Mr. Eustace should."

"Wasn't there, indeed! I think he had more motive, as you call it, than Miss Burchell, for wasn't Mr. Robert his rival?"

"That's acute of you, Mary."

"Acute! what's that, now? I've heard of 'a cure,' but I never heard of acute. What does he—I forgot—not *he*, but *that* mean?"

"Sharp, or discriminative," replied Judith.

"I wish it only meant sharp, then I should remember it, but that other long word I should never attempt to get hold of. And so acute means sharp, or dis—dis—I'm bothered if I can remember. What a shame to have such long words!"

"Discriminative," said Judith, helping out her companion. "But, the definition sharp is enough at present for you to recollect."

"Now don't you see, Judith, what a deal of trouble you would have saved yourself and me," said the miller's daughter, "had you at first said *sharp*, instead of *acute*."

"True," said Judith. "But Mary, you have been a gainer by the trouble. You have learnt that there is such a word as acute, and that acute signifies sharp."

"But what was there sharp in saying that Robert and Eustace were both after Miss Burchell?"

"Nothing in that, for every one knew it. But in your showing that, therefore Mr. Eustace had motives, as well as Miss Burchell, for destroying his brother."

"Ah, that's just what I say."

"Yes, dear, but neither of them have been guilty of such a crime."

"I don't know so much about that," persisted Mary Roberts.

"How could it be? Did not Mr. Robert's death happen from a kick of his horse?"

"Then what *does*, Mr. Eustace take on so about?" He's just like you, and you're just like him."

"Oh, indeed, Mary!"

"Yes, and its my opinion that you're both grieving about the same trouble."

"How do you arrive at that opinion, Mary?" interrupted Judith, who was anxious to know how far Mary's clue to her grief extended.

"Well, he shuns everybody, and so do you, now—don't you?"

"How do I shun everybody, who am now in the midst of everybody, going to a feast?" said the schoolmistress, adroitly endeavouring to throw the miller's outspoken daughter from her position.

"Ah! Judith, but you are almost compelled to be here, to look after my school-children. But you know that you would rather not be here—don't you now?"

"If so, it is because I am not fond of these merry meetings."

"But you used to be—didn't you?"

"But my tastes have changed. I am now grown fond of solitude and meditation. Again, I think more seriously of my school duties, and throw more earnestness into them. It is no little responsibility to have all those children under your care and guidance, to make them intelligent, honest, and happy."

"But what has become of your own happiness, Judith?—that's what we all want to know."

"But what I want to know, is, why you should be so concerned about me?"

"Because you were a favourite with us all, Judith."

"Every look, gesture, and liking to be watched and canvassed! Oh! what a penalty for being a favourite!" exclaimed the unhappy, but double-dealing maiden. Then she burst forth—"I would rather be dead, or live scorned and hated, than be the creature of so much observation. Oh! Mary, Mary, you were once my dearest friend, my dearest companion. I implore you let the waywardness that has so long seized me go unnoticed, undisturbed! Treat me as one diseased, and whose disorder needs

rest, quiet, and darkness! Learn to forget me—or look upon me as a stranger. Be thus kind to me, and perhaps in time I may conquer the ghastly spirit that has now possessed me, and be myself again."

The miller's simple daughter could not quite comprehend Judith's metaphor and rhetoric, but the impassioned manner in which she was appealed to was more forcible and intelligible than language to her illiterate mind, and she was much moved.

"Judith, I dearly love you," she said; "do tell me what is the matter with you? What makes you so wretched? Speak to me like a sister! Don't have secrets from me! Let me know them, and I'll be wretched with you!"

"Your compassion tortures me, Mary! You dear, good girl! I feel almost tempted to reveal myself, that you might hate me."

"What for, Judith? Why should I hate you?"

"You hate wicked things."

"I don't know so much about that; I'm afraid I like a little wickedness sometimes," said the miller's daughter, playfully, and either incapable or unwilling to understand the dread import of Judith's question. How should she? she whose only wickedness had been an occasional pettish disobedience to her parents, romping in the mill kitchen, playing off a few practical jokes on the servants, a devotion to dress, a little indolence, a great fondness for village pastimes, and a good deal of indifference to her domestic duties. These were the only wickednesses which the miller's daughter simperingly confessed that she had a little fondness for. She had been petted and undisciplined, and these shortcomings, which she believed were what Judith meant by "wicked things," were but the faults of her youth, through want of a gentle restraint, and an intelligent culture.

The schoolmistress was very glad that her last question had been so playfully disposed of by her young

and devoted friend, and she took advantage of this playful turn in the unhappy conversation to divert Mary's attention away from the point to which the fury of her feelings was leading her. In tones of well-affected gaiety, she said—

"How much the children appear to enjoy the proceedings, Mary! Ah, the day will be far too short for them!"

"And for me, too," retorted Mary Roberts. "I told you I was fond of a little wickedness, Judith."

"This is no wickedness. This is true and real pleasure. Here we are all, rich and poor commingled, regardless of station; and every face about us indicates a heavenly emulation which shall make each other the happiest. The very fields seem to smile with gladness as we pass by them."

"Take you a pattern by the fields, Judith, and smile too," happily interrupted the miller's daughter.

"Now don't you see that I have, Mary. Do not complain of a person who is doing her best. I feel myself surrounded with so much innocent pleasure, that it really was a sin for me to come and cast the sombre shadow of my wretched soul upon it. But you shall see, Mary, dear, that I will flee my own companionship, which brings nothing but torment, and throw myself into the spirit of the day, and the merry occasion for which we are met together."

"Oh, I'm so glad!—so rejoiced!—to find Judith herself again! And so will everybody—father, and mother, and all of us."

"Ah, and so will my dear father, too!" sighed Judith.

"That I'm sure he will. I have often heard Mr. Shaw say that the school-house was now like a tomb to him, and that he dreaded the hours coming round when the children had to be dismissed; for then you would mope away to your bedroom, leaving him in mystery and without a soul to speak to."

Judith shook her head, for she had long known that her father's

sufferings about her were deep and poignant, although this was the first time she was made aware that he had communicated them to any other than herself, and keenly felt that the trouble into which she had plunged herself, and which she dared not reveal, should become the source of so much distress to her wifeless father and others.

"How cheerfully Sir William Raymond rides along, chattering with Miss Burchell! She looks pale, but very pretty; don't you think so, Mary?"

"Well, I never thought her so," said the miller's daughter. "Not half so good-looking as Mrs. Sargood."

"Oh! my dear, but you cannot compare the two together. Such opposite styles of face and figure! One a full-blown rose that no storm could break—the other a fragile lily that the gentlest breeze could scatter. It would be quite a matter of taste to say which was the handsomest."

"The full-blown rose for me," said Mary.

"The fragile lily suits my taste best," said Judith. "But we won't make a difference between us about that—will we, Mary? No differences to-day—nothing but happiness!"

"Mind you keep your word—nothing but happiness."

"I will," said Judith, and she suddenly left her companion, and sprang to the luxuriant hedge by which they were passing, and plucked a pretty, but tiny flower, and returning with it, placed it in the hand of the miller's daughter, and said—"Keep that little flower to remind me of my promise."

By this time the long and imposing *cortege* reached Sir William's stately mansion, and they were received by numerous smiling domestics. From this point Mrs. Sargood begged permission to ride to her villa, promising to make a speedy return.

"Until which time," said Sir William, raising his hat, "we lose an unrivalled radiance."

PARIS SOCIAL.*

To travellers and tourists, who who have decided on spending their annual holiday in Paris, this little volume will be found an excellent companion. It is wisely addressed to those who have never been in the French metropolis, and who are unacquainted with the language of our Parisian friends. Hence its chief value as a reliable guide book. It professes to draw a picture of social life in Paris, and to supply information essentially necessary to the inquiring traveller. It guides him to take a house or apartments, and the price he should pay for them. It makes him acquainted with the price of provisions, and points out the especial market where each article might be best looked for at a moderate price. It points out the relative advantages of hotel or boarding-house, the names of all being given, and their merits and prices classified; it has an excellent vocabulary, with the sentences likely to be made use of by an Englishman visiting France. The sights and localities of Paris are carefully pointed out and described; shops and public institutions are classified, both those adapted to the aristocrat or the more humble tourist. In a word, the volume may be used as a domestic *vade mecum*, which may, by its explanations and counsels, render a sojourn there happy or miserable, or economical and pleasant. We have no hesitation in highly recommending the volume as a valuable aid to see Paris and all it contains thoroughly, with a due consideration to time and expense, for all classes. We have much pleasure in making the following extracts:—

CONSIDERATIONS PREVIOUS TO
STARTING.

We will suppose that the reader has well weighed and examined the

various advantages which watering-places at home and abroad offer to those in search of change, and, having thoroughly considered the subject, he has determined on visiting the French metropolis—there to enjoy the gay scene and the change of air during a few weeks, or to take up a more permanent residence there.

To such an one our book is especially addressed. Many talk of the delights and pleasures to be found in Paris; but they also suggest that no one can visit that delightful city without a long purse.

Others assert that the summer in Paris is insupportable—the heat exceeding that of Calcutta—the refraction from the white stone buildings as dangerous to the eyes as the sand in Egypt. Some, again, shrug their shoulders, talk of immorality, revolution, dissipation, and make other charges, which, if called upon to substantiate, they could not do so.

And now come the various modes of transit.

If your luggage is considerable, and the weather be fine, it is by no means a bad way to go (provided you are not in a hurry) by the Steam Navigation Company. Their vessels make the voyage over to Calais or Boulogne in nine or ten hours; and from either of these towns you may travel on to Paris in five or six hours more.

If economy be your object, the journey *via* Newhaven and Dieppe will doubtless prove the cheapest; but, if you are a bad sailor, you may find the sufferings during a voyage of ten or twelve hours more distressing than the saving of a few shillings would be gratifying. The route, however, from Dieppe to Paris is very delightful and picturesque.

The London, Chatham, and Dover is really a charming railway to travel by, and the time is kept admirably. The French portion of the route is longer than that by

* *Paris Social; a Sketch of Everyday Life in the French Metropolis.* By Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. ADDISON. London: Darton and Co., 42, Paternoster-row.

Boulogne, but is more convenient, as it does not depend on the tide, and the two trains join at Amiens and come into Paris together.

The London and South Eastern is too well known, too long-established, to require remark. It has the disadvantage of being tidal; the boats are, however, very good, and I have known them weather with ease some heavy storms.

Mind and have your luggage registered before you leave London.

JOURNEY TO, AND ARRIVAL IN
PARIS.

If you land at Calais, you will have little to see, and certainly will not be tempted by any local attractions of that most disagreeable of all towns to delay your departure. Even though fatigued, you will do well to push on to Lille, where you will find better accommodation, and may pass, if you wish to do so, a most agreeable day in sauntering through this fine town, and seeing the lions of that place. As there is a very large garrison here, you will probably hear some excellent military music; and, after visiting some of the shops, which are in many respects equal to those of Paris, finish the evening (if you are a playgoer) at the theatre, where some of the best operas are well got up.

If, on the other hand, you land at Boulogne, and are disinclined to go on immediately to Paris, you will do well to put up at one of the many and excellent hotels in that fashionable watering-place.

The town itself is extremely well situated, and the bathing excellent; but of course this is of little importance to the traveller. If he sleeps there during the season, he will probably visit the *Etablissement*, which is open to all persons respectably dressed for the modest sum of one franc. Balls and concerts take place in this splendid building almost every evening during the season. It may fairly be inferred that the company is somewhat mixed, but, as you need only associate with those you like, and as you are sure to meet the

majority of the English visitors and residents there, you will do well to visit this overgrown, but noble edifice. There is also a tolerable theatre, and some really good society; the class of runaways who formerly disfigured this town have now given place to a highly respectable community, consisting of some fifty or sixty English families. There are three English clubs, and two English reading-rooms and libraries, where books and papers may be had or seen in the greatest variety. When looking over the town, do not forget to visit the crypt in the upper town: it is one of the most curious sights in France. Boulogne is very expensive in the season. Everything is then dearer than in the metropolis.

On your way to Paris you will find your train make a halt of about twenty minutes at Amiens, in order to allow the passengers to refresh themselves, and at the same time to enable the junction of the two trains from Calais and from Boulogne to take place. From this town they travel on together.

Some persons stop at Amiens; but, beyond the Cathedral, there is little to see. It is a very clean place, but wears an aspect of unmistakable dulness. The band frequently plays on the public walks and in the square. It is a very cheap residence, but few English settle here. It is generally reckoned about half way to Boulogne and Paris.

In an hour after this you arrive in Paris, where the formalities of the custom-house are civilly and expeditiously gone through. No impediment now prevents your seeking your hotel—unless you have any eatables or other objects, such as wine, &c., which are liable to the town dues, or any others that incur custom-house duties. In this case you had better take your carpet-bag with you, leaving your luggage to be examined and paid for in the morning, and at once drive to the house in which you have determined to take up your temporary abode.

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